

SPECIAL NUMBER: THE CRISIS AND RELIGION

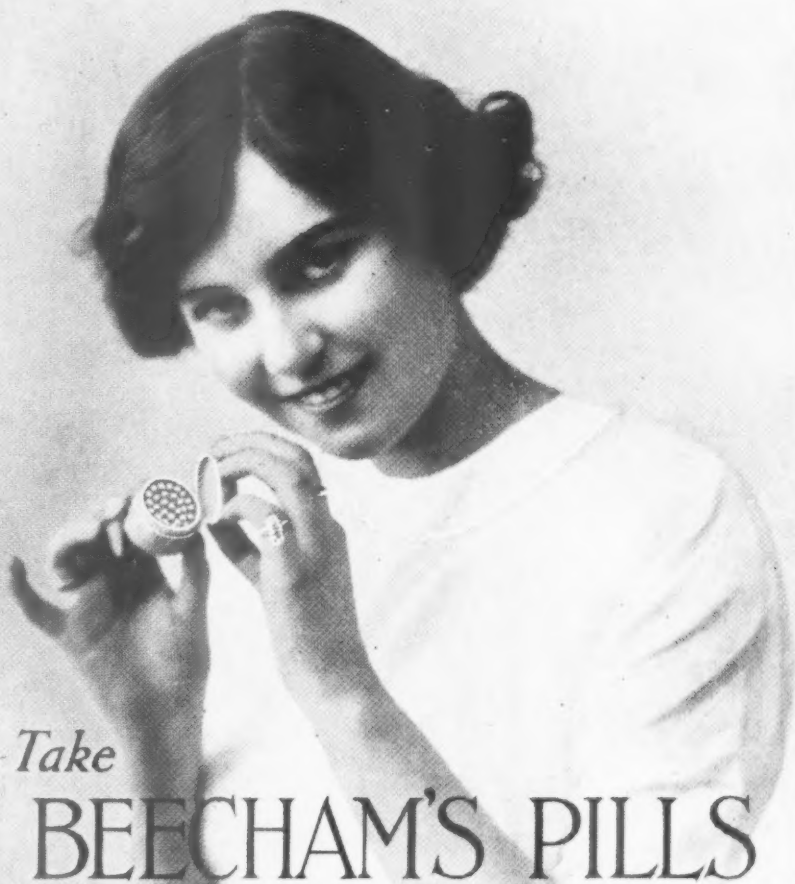
February 1915

Price 6d

# The QUIVER



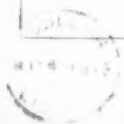
*Do as I do*



*Take*

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

**AND KEEP SMILING.**



## THE QUIVER

**HOMEWARE**  
**"DAZLA"**  
**KNIFE MACHINE**

Will clean  
12 Knives  
in  
3 minutes.

The Dazla is a remarkable invention, and an improvement on all other methods hitherto employed. It not only produces unusual brilliancy, but will save your cutlery as well as your maid's time. It burrishes easily, but does not wrench the handle or hack the blade, and keeps a good edge. Runs on ball bearings.

**GUARANTEE.**  
If not perfectly satisfied, money willingly returned.

**HOMEWARE MFG. CO. (Dept. M),**  
17 Albion St., King's Cross,  
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Polished  
Oak Case.  
Brass  
Fittings.  
Cash Price  
**10 6**

*corr. pd. in U.K.*



*It will never wash off!*

### JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE" MARKING INK

Lasts longer than the linen.  
For use with or without heating  
(whichever kind is preferred).  
Of all Stationers, Chemists and Stores,  
6d. and 1/-.

**USED IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS.**





**Early  
Christian  
Cornish  
& Celtic  
Crosses**  
In the beautiful  
**GREY  
CORNISH  
GRANITE**

**ERECTED in  
any  
Churchyard  
or Shipped  
Abroad**

**Stb  
Century  
Lanbydrock  
Cross**  
(illustrated)  
4ft. high,  
**£10 . 10 .**  
**Everlasting  
in wear.**

Full Size Drawing,  
with Beautifully  
Illustrated ART  
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imen of Granite,  
Post Free.

*The Cornish  
Granite  
Sculptors,*

**MAILE & SON, LONDON**

**MAILE & SON,**  
367 EUSTON RD., LONDON, N.W.



Nature has blessed our Indian Empire with the soil and climate that produce the finest tea in the world.

India grows more tea—and better tea—than any other country. 269,000,000 lbs. are produced annually.

Remember that Indian Tea is grown by British subjects on British soil.

*Always ask for*

# Indian Tea

**Britain's Best Beverage**



# YOU CAN SIT AT THE PIANO and Play tunes TO-DAY

by

**Naunton's National Music System.**

This is not the impossible task which some people would have you believe. With Naunton's music to guide you, the piano is the easiest instrument in the world to play, for there is no drudgery, no practising tiresome exercises, no scales, sharps, flats or accidentals, no unexpected or unnecessary difficulty whatever.

Naunton's National Music System is not a mechanical device nor a vamping method, but a **SIMPLE, RAPID & PERFECT System of Musical Notation** which you can learn to read, play and understand almost instantaneously.

You play tunes on your very first lesson.

**Over 50,000 people are already playing the piano by it**

Playing with taste and skill, charming other people, delighting themselves, getting more and more enjoyment out of life every day, and all because they ventured to try Naunton's National Music System. They proved for themselves that what we claim to be true is true, and the opportunity is now offered to you also.

What others have done quickly and well, you also can do with equal speed and ease. Not one of the 50,000 people just mentioned had a better offer given to him or her than that which is given to you now. Read carefully through the coupon at the foot of this page and see the promise contained in it. If you then have a desire to play the piano perfectly, send your 1/- with the coupon to-day, and in return we will send you our **"Special No. 1,"** containing five tunes, which we guarantee you can play. Thus you can judge for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you just as it has done for the 50,000 and more people who are already playing by it. Never in all your life will you have spent a shilling to better purpose.

We say for ourselves only what our pupils are more than willing to say for us. Just read their

## CLEAR TESTIMONY TO THE IMMENSE VALUE OF OUR WONDERFUL SYSTEM

**This from a Pupil who has taken nine lessons out of the fifty which comprise the whole System:** "I had tried to learn under many masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

**This from a Pupil who has taken only six lessons:** "I can play well, and am teaching two of my friends."

**From a Musician who has composed over 3,000 popular songs:** "I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

**From a Proud Mother:** "Florie can play splendidly, and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you said."

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**From a Pupil who thinks that one good turn deserves another:** "I am recommending it to all my friends, and two of them are sending to you for their lessons."

THE ORIGINALS OF THE ABOVE AND THOUSANDS OF SIMILAR TESTIMONIALS CAN BE SEEN AT OUR LONDON OFFICES AT ANY TIME.

### SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

To THE MANAGER, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.

Being a reader of THE QUIVER, and desiring to try your system, I send herewith postal order for **One Shilling**, in return for which please send me your **"Special No. 1,"** published at 2/-, containing five tunes, with your instructions how I can play at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a THOROUGH musician by your Course of instruction.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

DATE .....



**Men !**

The right bracer  
for you who do  
things is—

*Fry's*



FOR the man who *achieves*, Fry's Cocoa is a boon always; rich in *Theobromine*, the "spirit of cocoa," it is a sure restorative as well as a readily absorbed nutrient.

**"The Most Perfect Form of Cocoa"**

*—Guy's Hospital Gazette.*



*Fry's* PURE  
BREAKFAST  
COCOA



MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.



**A whole day in the snow won't get his feet wet,—if he's got Dri-ped Soles.**

Snow, rain, sleet, slush — Dri-ped defies them all : never lets in the wet or the cold. Get him Dri-ped Sole Leather on all his boots—whether new or re-soled—for his health's sake.

**A Dri-ped Sole outlasts at least two good ordinary soles. Get Dri-ped for all the family—on new or re-soled Boots and Shoes.**

See this stamp in purple every few inches on each Sole.



Insist on Dri-ped. Don't accept a substitute. Good Boot Stores and Repairers everywhere supply Dri-ped on new or re-soled Boots and Shoes. But see it's Dri-ped. Such a boot for boys as that shown here is sold, with Dri-ped Soles, at 10/11 to 16/6 by all good Dealers.



FREE.—"How to Double Boot Life." Ask your dealer for a "Dri-ped" Booklet. If he cannot supply one, or "Dri-ped," give us his name. We will send a booklet direct, and see you get "Dri-ped."

**WILLIAM WALKER & SON, LIMITED**

"Dri-ped" Advertising Department, County Buildings, Cannon Street, Manchester

**DRI-PED**  
Regd

**THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES** Bu ®

# Daimler

## 1915 Chassis Prices

20 h.p. 4-cyl.	-	450 Gns.
30 h.p. 6-cyl.	-	690 Gns.
"Special," 6-cyl.	-	1,000 Gns.

*The above prices include Dynamo Lighting Set, with Head, Side, Tail and Dashboard Lamps, Electric Self-starter, Speedometer, Detachable Wire Wheels, complete with Pneumatic Tyres, Kit of Tools and accessories.*

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Daimler Cars are held in readiness for immediate hire.

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### DEPOTS:

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CARDIFF	-	- Park Street	NOTTINGHAM	-	98 Derby Road



# Norwell's 'Perth' Brogues

Direct from Scotch Maker to Wearer



## On Golf Course or in Town



**Style  
No. 7—  
for Men**

—is a cleverly made Shoe for the man who must be out of doors every day. Can be had with or without hanging-over tawes tongues. Made of the best procurable materials throughout; always soft and flexible, and never loses its perfect shape. Post free in Britain

**Service Boots.**—For active service, or home defence, Norwell's Regulation Boots are in the front rank for quality, wear and wet resistance and price. 13/6, 14/6, 16/6, 25/-, 27/6, 30/-

**21/6**

There is no more protective, comfortable and reliable footwear for the cold, damp days of winter than Norwell's Scotch-made Brogue Shoes and Boots. There's an individual style for every purpose—and a guarantee of 100 years' experience and skill behind every pair.

Every member of the family will have perfect foot-comfort in Norwell footwear—and utmost value obtainable.

When ordering state size, colour, etc., and enclose remittance. Your money will be cheerfully returned if you are not satisfied.

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**Style No. 1257  
—for business  
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An excellent example of footwear for the man who must, willy-nilly, be out, wet or dry. Uppers in strong leather-lined box-calf, stout wear-resisting soles, and perfectly finished from tag to toe. Post free in Britain

**18/6**

**Other Makes of Brogue Shoes.**—Several other grades of Brogue Shoes are made by Norwell in different styles, and priced at 12/6, 15/-, 18/-, 22/6.



This "Tony" red-brown Tassel Brogue is eminently suited for smart wear with the latest style of costumes. It is a charming shoe, well made, neatly-fitting and restful—waterproof, almost wear-proof, and keeps its perfect shape to the end. Post free in Britain

Also in stylish grey and brown subtle leather at 18 extra per pair.

**18/6**

### For these Wintry Days

Norwell's Brogue Shoes and Boots will keep the children's feet warm and bone-dry, no matter the weather—and will give long and lasting wear. For the rough wear of school life, Norwell's footwear is a real economy.



**Style No. 13—for Ladies.**—One-buckle Brogue Shoe, hand-made; a stylish-fitting shoe made to resist the wet and wear of wintry days; gives long service, keeps the feet dry always, and is flexible and soft to the feet. In beautiful quality of calf-skin. Post free in Britain

**18/6**

**D. NORWELL & SON, Perth, Scotland.**

Write for Illustrated Catalogue, sent post free to any address.



Trust  
the  
Man  
behind  
the  
Boot.

Makers of Good Wearing Footwear  
(Established over 100 years.)

# BLUSHING

*Remarkable discovery that will interest every man and woman suffering from involuntary Blushing.*

**EFFECTIVE TREATMENT THAT PERMANENTLY REMOVES**

## THE CAUSE.

Men and women who suffer from involuntary blushing need no longer despair. Out of a mass of failures has come a genuine success. Their self-consciousness can be so thoroughly removed, that they themselves will wonder if they ever really had this embarrassing complaint. Mr. S. K. Temple is the scientist who has formulated this marvellous home method, that cures to stay cured. The treatment he prescribes goes to the very root of the disease, and cures it, so that the frequent blushing and flushing becomes a thing of the past. Mr. S. K. Temple wishes it understood that his method of cure is different entirely to the many others which have given only temporary relief. This new method, is a simple home treatment that members of either sex can easily follow to a perfectly satisfactory issue—i.e. a permanent cure. By sending your name and address, and enclosing stamp to pay postage, to **Mr. S. K. TEMPLE (Specialist), 39 Maddox St., Hanover Square, London, W.**, you will receive full description of this remarkable method, which will enable men and women, previously nervous and shy, now to take their places in Society with pleasure and ease, and get greater profit from their business. The description is posted to you free, in a perfectly plain sealed envelope, and you should have no hesitancy in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily you can be permanently relieved of blushing and flushing of the face and neck, and it will pay you to write to-day; don't neglect to do so.

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**LADIES' HANDBAGS**  
Buy direct from makers at one-half shop prices. Write for List B, post free.  
**The B'ham Factoring Co., 18a Dale End, Birmingham.**



## Vapo Cresolene

(ESTABLISHED 1879)

**for Whooping Cough,  
Spasmodic Croup,  
Asthma, Sore Throat,  
Coughs, Bronchitis,  
Colds, Catarrh.**

*"Used while you sleep."*

Don't fail to use Cresolene for the distressing, and often fatal, affections for which it is recommended.  
It is a simple, safe and effective drugless treatment.  
Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once.  
It is a boon to sufferers from asthma.  
The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.  
Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.  
Cresolene's best recommendation is its 35 years of successful use.  
Send postcard for Descriptive Booklet to Selling Agents:—  
**ALLEN & HANBURY, Ltd., Lombard St., London, E.C.**

**For Sale by Chemists.**  
Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. Composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your chemist, or post free direct for 3d. in stamps.



## SLEEPLESSNESS

**If you cannot sleep try a cup of "Ovaltine" just before retiring.**

Sleeplessness is often due to a heavy meal too late at night, when the active digestive process keeps the brain disturbed, and on the other hand also by going to bed with an empty stomach, when the feeling of hunger causes restlessness.

"Ovaltine" is extremely nourishing; it allays hunger, causes no digestive activity, and soothes the nerves. A cup at bed-time ensures a healthy, restful and refreshing sleep. It is easily and quickly prepared, and is a delightful drink. "Ovaltine" is a natural food tonic containing no drugs.

Ask your chemist or stores for "Ovaltine." Prices, 1/-, 1/9, and 3/-.

**British Made by British Labour**

*In order that you may try it we will gladly send you a Free Sample on receipt of 1d. stamp for postage.*

**A. WANDER, LTD.,**  
133 Covercross Street, London, E.C.  
Works: King's Langley, Herts.



# OVALTINE

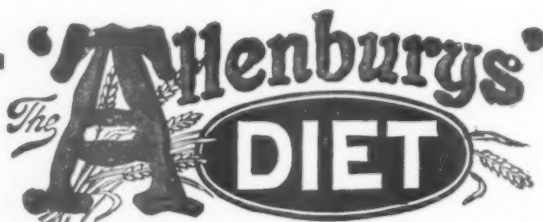
**AN EGG MILK & MALT  
TONIC BEVERAGE**

## Impaired Digestion

The natural cure is special attention to diet, thereby allowing the organs to recuperate. The "Allenburys" Diet nourishes and invigorates the system, and is the ideal food for dyspeptics, invalids and those with impaired digestion.

MADE IN A MINUTE—ADD BOILING WATER ONLY.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard Street, London.



Of Chemists  
1/6 and 3/-  
per Tin

Large Sample  
sent for  
3 penny  
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**All goods sent direct from Factory to Home.**

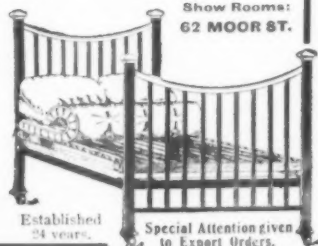
Do you know that practically **ALL** Bedsteads are made in Birmingham? Why not then buy one direct from the workman's hands in a perfectly new condition? I also supply **BEDROOM SUITES, SITTING-ROOM SUITES, SIDEBARDS, OVERMANTELS, &c.**, at very **LOW PRICES**, payable in any way that will suit you. My lists contain a very large assortment of most recent designs.

**Prompt despatch. Packed free. Carriage Paid.**

**DISCOUNT FOR CASH, OR PAYMENTS TO SUIT BUYERS' CONVENIENCE.**

*Send post-card to-day for Illustrated Price Lists (POST FREE).*

**CHAS. RILEY, Desk 17, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.**



COUPON.

"How, When, and Where" Corner.

To Alison, "The Quiver,"

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

I should like to be entered as a Companion of the "HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE" CORNER, and will try to help in any way I can. I enclose a penny stamp for a Certificate of Membership.

Name .....

Address .....

Age ..... Date of Birthday .....



# 25 "QUIVER" WAR-TIME Scholarships

WITHOUT ENTRANCE FEE

## Black & White Illustrating

Hundreds of young men and women have been enabled to enter the profession by a quick, easy route, personally conducted by post. Ordinary Art and Artists are in a bad way. Few can buy pictures nowadays, and the painter has to sell his work or perish.

It is better to be a plumber than a painter of easel pictures, for plumbing is needful, while painting is a luxury.

To-day the commercially trained artist can snap his fingers at the usurer, because there is a new and widening market for his work.

### Drawing for Pleasure and Profit.

He may draw pictures for the people. The Advertiser clamours for "the picture that tells the story," and the publisher must buy it.

Art in Advertising offers a splendid field. Men like Walter Crane, R.W.S., Bernard Partridge, E. J. Sullivan and Chas. E. Dawson design advertisements because they know that it is better for our walls and magazines to be covered with designs that are good in drawing and colour than with advertisements that are bald, crude, and bad as they used to be.

When a firm spends thousands of pounds on an advertisement, it realises that any price paid for a design that makes the advertisement more effective is money well spent.

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Commercial artists sell their work by post, thus saving time and the embarrassment of personal interviews and verbal bargaining.

By post, also, anyone with a taste for drawing can enjoy the advantages of a London training at home.

The Directors of the Practical Correspondence College—the *All-British Art School with the World-wide Reputation*—offer the full Course of Instruction in Black and White at half fees to the first 25 readers to pass a postal examination. The balance of fees is only payable WHEN THE STUDENT HAS EARNED TEN POUNDS. Scholarships will be awarded to those who are most likely to be successful.

The Course has been prepared and is personally conducted by Chas. E. Dawson, late Art Editor *Nash's Magazine*, creator of the "Dawson Girl," and one of London's leading designers of Pictorial Publicity.

If the Course fails to help the student to earn £10, then the student is under no further obligation to complete payment of fees.

### The College Stakes 100 Guinea upon the Success of the 25 Scholarship Holders.

Students are helped to earn while they learn, and dispose of their work at the completion of the course.

Any reader with a taste for drawing, common sense, and ambition, stands a chance of launching, on unprecedented terms, right into the most interesting and lucrative of the professions, either as a profitable spare-time pursuit or a regular occupation.

No preliminary training or expenses are necessary. Awards will be made in the order in which specimen sketches are received.

Send a post-card for full particulars of the most successful Course of Home Study in Commercially Applied Art at the most favourable terms ever offered.

It costs nothing, and you risk nothing by entering for this unique scholarship.

Each reader of "The Quiver" who wins a scholarship will receive a year's Free Accident Insurance—£1,000 at Death; £1 weekly for Blindness or Disablement.

The lessons, exclusive and confidential to each Scholarship Winner, are superbly illustrated. Exercises are set expounding the technique of drawing for reproduction. These exercises are sent by post to the Art Director, who criticises them; his long letters of personal advice and encouragement are alone worth more than the moderate fee for the Course.

### If You Can Draw Well Enough to Amuse Your Friends,

you can learn to earn some of the hundreds of pounds that advertisers—in London alone—spend daily upon the simple but effective sketches they want.

Correspondence must not be directed to the Editor of "The Quiver," but to the SECRETARY, PRACTICAL CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, 56 THANET HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.





## FOR ALL Digestive Troubles

CONSTIPATION  
BILIOUSNESS  
HEADACHES  
FLATULENCE  
PALPITATION

### MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mother Seigel's Syrup has proved its value as a remedy for digestive troubles in tens of thousands of cases. It is made from the curative extracts of roots, barks, and leaves, which have a tonic and strengthening effect upon the stomach, liver, and bowels. In this way it promotes good digestion and regular action of the bowels. Because it does this, Mother Seigel's Syrup has enjoyed a world-wide reputation for more than forty years.

*The 2/6 Bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size. Sold also in Tablet Form, price 2/9.*

## A Chance Remark

### And the Changes it led to



"I determined to have the touch of this magic in my house."

I COULD not make out what was wrong about the house. A woe-begone and faded appearance was reflected everywhere — everything seemed to have gone shabby at once, and the colours to develop violent contrasts. And after my recent great cleaning efforts, too — it made me quite down-hearted.

That day, while out shopping, I chanced to hear two ladies talking about "Drummer Dyes" and how they renewed several things at home with these dyes, one of the ladies actually saying they were "little magicians."

There and then, I determined to have the touch of this magic in my house. So I went to the grocer and bought six different colours, and when I got home started right away.

I tried the dining-room table cover first, but being fairly heavy in quality, I resolved to strengthen the dye in order to give the cover a good colour.



"Blouse, apron, and skirt — renewed, fresh, and clean."

I carefully followed the instructions about boiling and steeping, and rinsed it with cold water. When almost dry, I ironed it with a good hot iron — and it was a great success!

I was now all-eager to see how much I really could do myself. I took the long muslin curtains and casements from the front sitting-room windows, and dyed them a pretty soft green, then the cretonne chair covers, the

sideboard cover, and the covering of our favourite window seat.

All the things I had put away as useless I looked out, and had a real all-round change. I bought more "Drummer Dyes" and dyed "old" covers and bed hangings — at least, I thought they were old until I introduced them to "Drummer Dyes." Everything was just like new — really great.



"Everything was just like new — really great."

I intend now to have a dye-day every second week, as there are so many things — blouses, skirts, stockings, and children's pinafores and overalls, just to mention one or two — I can make like new again to give double wear.

The dyeing is so clean and easy, and saves such a lot, it makes me quite jubilant and happy in my home-work.

There is a little book on "Home Dyeing" which is chokeful of useful and interesting hints on dyeing, and shows how simple and economical it is to dye clothing and household furnishings at home. This invaluable little book is sent free on request by the makers, Edge's, Bolton, Lancs.



"Little dresses and little suits give double wear now."

## There's sound sense and sound economy

for every housewife when she uses "Drummer Dyes" on all soiled, stained, shabby, or spotted furnishings and articles of clothing.

## DRUMMER DYES

"SO EASY TO USE."

Makes them like NEW

Anglo

Q

## DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!



Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air-cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably, and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no ties, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price. Write at once for our Illustrated Booklet.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 638B Bank Bldgs., Kingsway, London, W.C.

## A FREE GIFT FOR MOTHERS

EVERYONE KNOWS NEAVE'S FOOD and its wonderful value in the rearing of infants and children. For ninety years it has been receiving the praise of the most eminent doctors and the most proficient nurses. There is no better food for baby; and it is used daily alike in peasant's cot and royal households.

In order that its great nutritive value may be realised in every home, the manufacturers are offering to send a trial tin FREE OF CHARGE to any of our readers who mention this magazine and enclose 2d. to cover postage. Address your applications to-day to Josiah R. Neave & Co., Fordingbridge.

## STENCILLING.

Most beautiful results can be obtained, with little trouble or expense, with our

## JAPANESE STENCILS.

Write for our New Handbook, just published, 80 Illustrations, 7d. post free (including catalogue). This work is most suitable for Bazaar Workers, and can be used to advantage on Cushion Covers, Table-Centres, Cassinet Curtains, Scarves, Screens, Lamp Shades, &c., &c.

BRODIE & MIDDLETON (Dept. Q), 70 Long Acre, London, W.C.

## "The Little Bennett" Portable Typewriter

PRICE FOUR GUINEAS  
(Complete in Case)

One-fifth the cost, one-sixth the weight of ordinary typewriters. Slips into pocket or bag, has standard keyboard, easy-running carriage, and does beautiful typing. Ideal for home correspondence. A treasure to the traveler.

A Real Typewriter, not a toy. Booklet free.  
Q. M. BENNETT COY., 48 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.



For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

## Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/4 2/6 & 4/6.

## FOR GREY HAIR Use Seeger's "Seeger'ol"



**Trial Bottle. 6d.** "Seeger'ol" tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. BROWN, DARK BROWN, LIGHT BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN or GOLDEN. "Seeger'ol" has a certified clientele of over HALF A MILLION Users. "Seeger'ol" contains no lead, mercury, silver or sulphur. A medical certificate accompanies each bottle. "Seeger'ol" is permanent, washable, has no grease, does not burn the hair or scalp. Large bottle 2/- post free 2/2. Trial bottle post free 7d. Chemists and Stores everywhere. HINDS Ltd., Finsbury, London.

## Pianists, Violinists, 'Cellists

The Cowling System, by a few minutes' daily practice, away from the instrument, ensures that little extra responsiveness and control of the fingers needed to make playing more certain and easy. It gives **Strength and Flexibility** to the hands and fingers. The Course consists of 12 lessons (by post), each illustrated by actual photographs of the hand and its muscles, and accompanied by clear and explicit instructions. No apparatus is required, the fee is small, and the results are permanent.

Send Today for Free Booklet.

Address — THE SECRETARY, COWLING SYSTEM, Museum Station Buildings, High Holborn, London, W.C.

## COUPON. THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS.

To the Editor, "The Quiver,"

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts and forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.

(Signed) .....

Address .....

## The Red Cross in the Great War.

### British Red Cross Society

(Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1908)

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THE RIGHT HON. LORD ROTHSCHILD, G.C.V.O.

FOR the task of succouring the sick and wounded in the great war the two recognised Red Cross Societies in this country—the St. John Ambulance Association and the British Red Cross Society—have joined forces. Their primary object is to supplement the work of the Royal Army Medical Department in the field and to render such medical aid as may be possible to our gallant Allies.

**This is a great and noble task.** If we desire to show an affectionate concern for those stricken in our defence, no more practical method exists than to give financial help or personal service to the work of the Red Cross.


The St. John and the Red Cross have already sent out to the Continent a personnel of upwards of 2,000, comprising doctors, trained nurses, orderlies, and chauffeurs. An ambulance train has been provided and over 680 Motor Ambulances have been sent for the quick transport of the wounded from the fighting line, which very often means life when death would otherwise be certain. Stores of every description and some hundreds of thousands of garments have been despatched to the theatre of war. The Red Cross Societies have established large hospitals in Paris and elsewhere in France. In this country they have a hospital at Netley, and have completely equipped the King George Hospital in London; and, in addition, have provided over 14,848 beds, all accepted by the War Office, and have made arrangements for the care of over 25,000 convalescents.


**Every day sees an increase** in the work of the Red Cross and in the cost of its maintenance. The money subscribed is carefully administered; the arduous task of organisation is performed by men and women of eminence, who accept no pay for what they consider a labour of love. The Red Cross doctors, nurses, and orderlies win the affectionate gratitude of those to whom they minister by their skill, devotion, and bravery.

**Will you not help in this great work** by contributing something, however little, to the funds of the Red Cross? The least which those of us who are compelled to stay at home can do is to help the Red Cross to succour in their hour of need the brave and patriotic men heroically hazarding their lives in defence of our freedom and our very existence.

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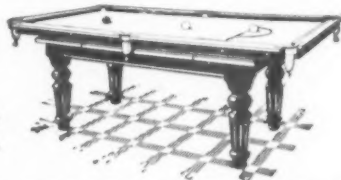
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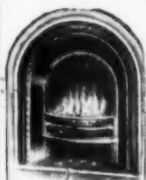
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# THE WAR AND CHARITIES

## A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

The special national appeals for War Relief have been nobly responded to. But many of our great Charitable Institutions are threatened with serious loss of support. The work they are doing is a permanent work of relief, more than ever necessary at this time of crisis.

May I earnestly commend to your sympathetic consideration the claims of the Societies mentioned in these pages?

I shall be most pleased to receive and pass on subscriptions for any or all of them, and need hardly say that we make no deduction for office expenses.

Your friend,

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.  
January, 1915.

*The Editor*

# DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

## and the ARMY AND NAVY



A list is being prepared of Barnardo Boys serving in the Forces. At present it stands thus:—

Old Barnardo Boys in the Canadian contingent	400
Barnardo Boys who have enlisted in the British Army at home	114
Barnardo Boys trained at the Watts Naval School in the last four years, and now in His Majesty's Navy	206
(300 boys are constantly in training at this School.)	
34 have joined the Navy since war broke out.	
Boys in Lord Kitchener's New Army	17
(These Barnardo Boys had the honour of being the first to join.)	
Total to date	737

Barnardo Boys have been in most of the Naval engagements. Six were in the Heligoland Battle; one being on Submarine E7. Three boys were on board the Cressy and Aloukir. Two were saved. Two boys lost their lives on the Hawke; one was saved. Another boy was seriously wounded on the Loyal. Another was on a ship in action with the German cruiser Karl-rube. Another was on R.M.S. Ortega, which so skilfully escaped from a German cruiser. Others were on the Natal, Shannon and Carnarvon in the recent victorious naval battle. Yet others were on the Undaunted in the Air and Sea Battle off Cuxhaven.

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### WHEN BRITAIN WAS AT WAR in 1796

"THE DUFF," the first Missionary Ship that ever sailed from Britain, left the Thames (under Navy protection) carrying the heroic pioneers of the London Missionary Society to the South Seas.

The L.M.S. has never departed from its basis—as defined by the Constitution (adopted in 1795)—"not to send to the heathen any form of Church Order and Government, but **the Glorious Gospel of the blessed God.**"

A SOCIETY OF PIONEERS. The L.M.S. was the first Protestant Society to send missionaries to—POLYNESIA (1796), CHINA (1807), MADAGASCAR (1818), NEW GUINEA (PAPUA) (1871).

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**An Increase of £10,000 in Annual Income.**

**Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, London Missionary Society, 16 New Bridge St., London, E.C.**

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### BIBLE SOCIETY

HAS PROVIDED MORE THAN

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## THE QUIVER



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# THE QUIVER

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For *The Rev. Frank Swainson's Works*: Miss N. Jackson, 2s.; Miss Sproule, 2s. 6d.; "Chatsworth," 7s. 6d.; M. T. A., 20s.

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# THE QUIVER



VOL. L., No. 4

FEBRUARY, 1915

## The Crisis and Religion—Special Number

# THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON RELIGION

A Symposium of the Views of Different Leaders of the Churches

Collected by DENIS CRANE

IF anyone should wish to measure the progress of religion in England during the last hundred years, he might do worse than compare the effect of the present struggle on the religious consciousness of the nation with that wrought by the Napoleonic wars.

Such a comparison would show a tremendous advance, not merely in Church activity for the amelioration of the miseries consequent on war, but also in profound searchings of heart, in the exercise of the whole faculties of man, either to reconcile this wasteful and sanguinary strife with the teachings of the New Testament, or at least to point a plain path of duty for the individual.

Never, indeed, in a great secular crisis, has the stream of our national life been so deeply tinged with religious thought and feeling; never have statesmen, politicians, the platform and the Press, so taken up the terminology if not the spirit of faith. Theologians and thinkers of every school, in fact, are dwelling with almost feverish insistence on the ethics of the struggle; books, pamphlets, sermons, are streaming from the press by scores; while from every quarter

of private life questions, almost pathetic in their urgency, are being put and discussed on the problems of conflicting ideals. Happy the man, at such a time, whose mind is tranquil and whose conscience is at peace.

At such a time, too, when the religious consciousness of the nation is so profoundly perturbed, it may be well to divert attention for a moment from the ethical to the practical side of the business. Has perplexity of spirit led to inaction? Has the challenge to faith resulted in defection from specific religious duty? The Churches are the visible embodiment of faith: how are they faring in the struggle? Are their altars forsaken, their normal activities decreased, their funds depleted; or is the serious temper of the time finding fuller expression through the time-honoured channels of prayer and sacrifice?

At the Editor's request I have got into touch with well-known leaders of religion in different parts of the country, and present in as concise a form as possible their views and experiences. While these differ somewhat in certain particulars, it will be found that the general tone is hopeful, if not gratifying; although, in one or two direc-

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Rev. E. A. Dunn.

tions, it would seem that the Churches may yet have to face a time of considerable stress.

### Rev. E. A. Dunn

A distinctly optimistic note, for example, was struck by the Rev. E. A. Dunn, Vicar of St. James the Less, Bethnal Green.

"The outbreak of the war," said he, "had the effect of bringing about something like a revival of religion. In August, a time when congregations are usually thin, our church was filled with eager worshippers; whilst the prayer-meetings and other religious gatherings were thronged. Although, of course, the first enthusiasm has passed away, yet there is a marked improvement which shows no sign of falling off. The 'outsiders' are much more impressionable. Attention to speakers at open-air meetings is very marked, and there is a general readiness of all classes of the community for self-denial and service. In spite of the fact that about 150 men connected with our church have joined the forces, the numbers attending the Men's Service have increased, which, taking into consideration the loss referred to, means a large influx of new members. On the whole, I should say that nothing, for many years, has stirred the religious instincts of the people as the war has done."

### Rev. A. J. Waldron

The Vicar of St. Matthew's, Brixton—the Rev. A. J. Waldron—is no less sanguine.

"People are coming back to the Churches," says he. "They are commencing to see that back of this war is Materialism; that Civilisation without Christ is a curse. Of course, it will be a difficult problem in regard to finance, but the clergy and ministers must

be prepared to suffer. It is nothing compared with the Belgians. We must preach optimism and practise it."

### Rev. R. C. Gillie

That which most impresses the Rev. R. C. Gillie, of Marylebone Presbyterian Church, as regards the change in the religious atmosphere, is the readiness for prayer. This has been very noticeable among his own people—more so, indeed, than any increase in the size of his congregation.

Mr. Gillie is also much struck with the unaffected interest in religion amongst those outside the ordinary circle of church-goers.

"We have," says he, "a Soldiers' Club, which opens every day of the week, and the other evening a dozen or more men were down. Two were playing the piano, some were at draughts or billiards, some writing letters, but there was one sitting, quite abstracted, in the midst of them, reading a khaki-covered Gospel of St. John, copies of which are offered free of charge. It was curious to see him wrapped up in the little book, quite oblivious of what was going on around him."

"In some of the suburban churches the change has been more noticeable than in my own. I know of one in Highgate where the week-evening service has suddenly leapt up to 200, and has had to be moved into the church, and the gifted minister says, very simply, that this is not his work, but just the urgency of people to pray."

"The situation, then, is cheering; but I am sorely afraid that people may think that deep ploughing ensures a good harvest from good seed. There is no doubt the ploughshare has cut deep into our national life, but that only makes the more



Rev. A. J. Waldron.



Rev. R. C. Gillie.

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possible the sowing of evil seed as well as good. It will never do for us to take for granted that because we are at war we shall necessarily be better people. It is perfectly possible that we may become, as a whole, worse. What is quite certain is that we shall not remain the same."

### Rev. F. S. Webster, M.A.

The Rector of All Souls', Langham Place—the Rev. F. S. Webster, M.A.—has had larger congregations since the commencement of hostilities, but confesses that at present the attendance at intercession services "consists only of the faithful few," by whom, however, "a very earnest spirit is displayed. Our vestry," he adds, "is filled three mornings a week at 7.15, chiefly with young people from business houses."

Mr. Webster was impressed with the different spirit manifested in Hyde Park on the Monday evenings in September. There was an entire absence of the somewhat flippant criticism and unbelief which sometimes asserts itself so prominently. There was, too, a great seriousness and an increased willingness to listen.

### Rev. Percy Dearmer

The Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A., D.D., I saw in the midst of a busy morning, when, for the time of year, Primrose Hill and Hampstead—the great "superurb," as the doctor, on account of its salubrious elevation, likes to call it—were looking their best.



Rev. F. S. Webster.

"The war," said he, "is correcting our slackness and self-indulgence and materialism. A people very easily drift into thinking only of their comforts and pleasures and petty cares and search after gain. We in England had to a great extent fallen into this. Then the evil of war comes and, like many other sorrows and disasters, does us good. It has made people think; has startled them out of their indifference and care about material things; has made them think of

ideals and remember that there is something higher in life than self-seeking and self-indulgence. It has made them more social; everybody now thinks about his country, is trying to help the Belgians. We are thinking about others as well as ourselves. It has certainly made people more serious-minded too; this does not mean more sad-minded, but caring more about the things that really matter. In this way the war has made people more religious."

### Dr. J. H. Moulton

The war's effects on those who have to do with the training of ministers, and to some extent upon those who are under training, are reflected in an interesting communication from Dr. James Hope Moulton, tutor in New Testament Language and Literature at Didsbury College, Manchester.



Photo: Miss Compton Collier.

Rev. Percy Dearmer.

"I can talk more easily of myself than of my students," says this eminent scholar, "for it is very likely if I spoke of them I should only be reflecting what is in my own mind. It is disturbing to note the way in which all my old ideas have been shifted from their moorings as stern necessity has made one feel that we are forced by real Christian motives into a thing that is so hideously un-Christian."

"The whole philosophy of Christianity and War demands reconstruction and much more light than most of the Christian apologists have so far ever succeeded in getting hold of. Our men are mainly, I suppose, affected by the personal question—their own duty as able-bodied young men torn between the call of the work to which they have pledged themselves, and the immediate call of something which must be done now if it is not to be too late to do it at all."

"The real problems of the war for those who stay at home can only be guessed at now. On this west side of England we seem to feel it so little. Life goes on just as usual, and though there is a good deal of distress

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and we have got Belgian refugees in the place, we have not it brought home to us as it is in London and all up the east coast. But should the cotton mills stop we should be in the midst of a mass of problems of appalling magnitude."

### Rev. S. F. Collier

It is, perhaps, among the great industrial populations that one looks to see the more marked and more immediate religious effects of the war. Reference has been made to the cotton mills. Few men are more deeply versed in the characteristics of the Lancashire operative than the Rev. S. F. Collier, of the Manchester Mission. Taking advantage of this gentleman's presence in London



Rev. James Hope Moulton, D.D.

recently, I induced him to relate his impressions. Said he:

"In most places there is an increased attendance at Divine worship on Sunday, and a greater interest in week-night meetings. Where conference and congress, pulpit and platform, have failed to make an impression on frivolity and extravagance, and on the general indifference to religion, the war has succeeded in claiming the ear of the people, making them pause, and has brought about a seriousness and a shame of idleness that make one hopeful.

"There is a desire on all hands to be of some service. That is all to the good. I am not sure whether there is a corresponding readiness to surrender to Christ. My anxiety lies here. I fear lest we shall get the people so far, and yet not far enough; and that, if the war continues, people may get hardened, or, if victories come thick and fast, the tension may relax and a great opportunity be lost. Still, things cannot be the same after the war as they were, nor worse, but must surely be better.

"Church finance does not seem to have suffered at present, except that schemes involving new expenditure are held up. I feel strongly that if ever the Church's message and mission in all its saving, comforting, steadying and strengthening power was needed, it is now, and that instead of halting, we ought to maintain all our agencies at the highest possible pitch of enthusiasm and vigour. We may be so obsessed by the war that we shall be almost paralysed in thought and action. I greatly admire and am extremely thankful for the enthusiasm to provide material comfort for the soldiers and sailors and their dependents, and to look after those in distress; but there is a danger lest all this altruistic service should be purely materialistic in tendency and effect and that the higher service, which recognises the need of the soul as well as the body, should be at a discount.

"Many workers have left for the front—about 500 young men from my own Mission—but we must fill up the gaps in the ranks of the workers at once, if not by young men, then by young women, and rise to the calls and needs of the day. If the spirit of service that is now common is seized upon, guided and controlled, it may lead to great things in the future."

### Rev. F. H. Benson, B.A.

The same encouraging signs appear in other important centres. Thus, the Rev. F. H. Benson, B.A., of the Central Hall, Birmingham, says:

"So far, the war has had a good effect on our work. Congregations have been amazingly larger, even in August, and we have not as yet suffered financially. There is abroad a new spirit of earnestness, especially among those personally affected by the war. Soldiers and their relatives are all of them thankful for the prayers of God's people."



Rev. F. L. Wiseman.

### Rev. W. H. Heap

The Rev. W. H. Heap—who, as Superintendent of the Hull Mission, ministers to a community that naval and military activities have rudely disturbed—while sharing the general optimism, calls attention to another side of the picture that

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does not seem as yet to have aroused the Church's serious concern.

"There is undoubtedly," says he, "a growing seriousness of tone amongst a considerable section of our population, but this, unfortunately, is accompanied by an orgy of drunkenness and impurity amongst quite another section. We are doing our best to encourage the one and counteract the other.

"Our Sunday congregations were already so large that there was little room for increase, but there can be no doubt that they are more consistently crowded than hitherto; and this in spite of the fact that our Mission has sent some 350 men to the Colours. Our week-evening gatherings are showing the same tendency, especially the meetings for prayer. The collections are above the average. Among our own people there is intense loyalty, an appreciation of the gravity of the crisis, and a determination to do whatever is possible to help. Beyond this, there is a recognition that only by the grace of God can we emerge from the struggle unscathed, and prayer is becoming a greater reality to many of our people.

"As to the 'outsider,' it is easier to win his attention than it was. I have preached lately in rural parts of East Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, and there I found a great rallying to the Churches."

Mr. Heap's closing sentence brings us to the villages. What is the effect of the war among these?

### Rev. T. F. Hulme

In anticipation of this question I put myself in communication with two gentlemen whose whole time is devoted to rural work on a large and intimate scale: the Rev. T. Ferrier Hulme, M.A., Chairman and Missionary of the Bristol and Bath District of the Wesleyan Church—a district comprising extensive territory in four counties; and the Rev. John E. Wakerley, who holds a similar position in the East Anglia District. Their experiences, while sounding each an individual note, are in substantial accord.

"During the last month," says Mr. Ferrier Hulme, "I have been all up and down this wide district, in as many as five or six

different circuits in a week, and have had over thirty harvest services and meetings, in addition to many others. The congregations have been larger, the collections better, the services more hearty, and there has been a finer spiritual tone than I have known during the thirteen years I have been in the district.

"Wherever I go the Churches have their prayer-list, or Roll of Honour, and this has led to quite a revival of the prayer-meeting. The work being done for soldiers, sailors, wounded, and refugees is softening the people's hearts and refining their characters."

### Rev. J. E. Wakerley

Mr. Wakerley says:

"East Anglia is all astir with troops. We have them billeted and encamped through all the area, and our schoolrooms are being used as Institutes. It is too early to speak definitely about the results of the war on the religious life, but one's impressions are that there is a new seriousness abroad and that congregations are increasing. Meetings for intercession are well attended, and as national politics' cleavage has disappeared, so ecclesiastical fraternity seems on the increase.

"Finances are not at present appreciably affected in this area. Agriculturists are getting good prices. The number of soldiers in the district has meant an increased expenditure on certain commodities, and the price of billeting has been a new source of income to many cottagers. Others have been very severely hit.

"The war is going to help religion, not least among the ranks of the Territorials and Kitchener's Army. The officers, for the most part, are anxious for the moral welfare of their men, and the men themselves are



Photo: Russell & Sons.

Rev. W. Charter Piggott.



Rev. T. Phillips, B.A.

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respectful to religion. The religious outlook is, on the whole, distinctly good."

### Rev. F. L. Wiseman

The President of the Free Church Council, the Rev. F. Luke Wiseman, B.A., who, as he told me, spends most of his time just now "rushing all over England," finds a more serious temper everywhere prevalent and congregations generally increased.

"In general, it may be said that there is a trend to the House of God on the part of the careless who were formerly habitual worshippers; but," he adds, "I do not think the movement has made very great progress among those whom we call 'outsiders.' But there is a readiness to hear and the spirit of flippant criticism seems silent; this gives the Church a great opportunity for evangelistic work. It is early to speak of permanent effects, but I hope they may be in the direction of a recovery of our traditional seriousness and simplicity."

We have already touched on London, whose pulse is so indicative of the health or otherwise of the country as a whole. With the exception of Mr. Dunn's Church, however, the cases dealt with were those ministering to large middle-class congregations. There remain those Churches that do mission or institutional work.

### Rev. Thomas Phillips

Among these, while at least one great centre of activity has had to reduce its staff owing to financial embarrassments, which the war has seriously aggravated, there are others that report distinct improvements in tone and outlook, though confessing to new difficulties and perplexities. Thus the Rev. Thomas Phillips, B.A., of Bloomsbury, says:

"A distinction must be made between the amazement and almost stupefaction produced by the declaration of war, and the effect produced by the war itself. The former was more or less transient; the latter is still in process and its results are difficult to gauge. At the outset it was easy to assemble prayer-meetings, but this eagerness for public intercession has, I think, considerably abated.

"Our Church is in a peculiar position. About eighty of our young fellows have joined the Allied Forces, and one of our young

men at least has been compelled to fight for Germany. We have had Germans in our congregation every Sunday since war began. One of the finest gifts sent for the Belgian refugees was given by a German lady. We have had Belgians, French, Austrians, and Japanese in our congregations. We have thrown our chapel open from nine in the morning till nine at night, and offer advice and help to all in need. At present, distress is not very acute, but I am not at all sure that the middle classes are not going to be harder hit than the poorer section of the community.

"To sum up, our congregations are much the same. The gaps therein caused by the call to the Colours are made up, though there are vacancies in some of our working ranks. Perhaps our attendances are a little better in the morning. As a Church we have solemnly resolved on the watchword: Business as usual, and more vigorously than ever."

### Rev. W. Charter Piggott

The Rev. W. Charter Piggott, of Whitefield's Tabernacle, says:

"There is a distinct improvement in the reverence of public worship, and the services of intercession are marked with a tenseness of feeling that shows the people are recovering the sense of reality in worship and prayer.

"With regard to the 'outsider' it is necessary to speak with caution. True, there is a perceptible improvement in the numbers attending church, and some who do not ordinarily attend have been drawn to do so now. But it would be an exaggeration to suggest that largely the war has caused anything like a revival of religious concern. Apart from the dislocation caused in the first few days, great numbers of our people have not realised with great gravity the issue. Whenever anything happens to make it vividly real to them, its religious effect is likely to be seen much more definitely.

"So far as revenue is concerned, there has been a slight, but not very serious, diminution in regular contributions at my church. But it must be remembered that in many cases our Churches have made up their accounts for the past year. It will be early in the New Year, when the spring appeals are made, that we are most likely to feel the financial effects."



# TWO IDLE RICH

And how the War affected them

By ETHEL F. HEDDLE

## CHAPTER I

IT was five years since they had parted now, and they had both been so angry that they had never exchanged any communication, though there was no legal separation of any kind. He had gone big-game shooting; she had travelled too, but in opposite directions. Those about them in their circle knew, of course, that things were not right, but it was no one's business, and they were both so rich that there was no bother over money matters. They had both been spoiled; both liked their own way; so though they had started out with quite a workable amount of love, things very soon went wrong. There were no children; that, of course, helped to let them drift apart. Everything would have gone well enough, however, Diana said, if Aubrey had not taken to "interfering"; Aubrey said they could have gone on "hitting it off all right" if Diana had not taken up with one particular woman whom he abhorred, and who was always about.

They had neither of them anything particular to do, and idleness preyed upon them: life lost its savour. It fell flat. Everything "bored."

Then came the war.

Aubrey was abroad, but he returned at once and rejoined his old regiment. There was a light in his eye, a spring in his step as he trod the London pavement, the last night before joining the Expeditionary Force. Something new was in his veins: purpose, hope, resolution. The wine of life at last—something to do for England. For humanity! The Belgians had fought like heroes, and had died like heroes. The strong hand of England was on the arm of France, her friend; both were hurrying up to avenge and stay the destroyer. He looked up at a certain window of a slim house in Sloane Street when it grew dark, and he hesitated. He did not know if she was at home, but he thought she would be, and he had half decided to go and see her.

Poor old girl! After all, they had only quarrelled about a trifle—or a lot of trifles!

He would just go in, in case—in case—one never knew! So he walked over the pavement and rang the bell. The man, a new one, did not know him, and seemed uncertain about admitting him.

Her ladyship was "engaged."

"I think she'll see me," Captain Bradwardine said, and went up to the drawing-room with so sure a step that the man said nothing, only took his name. But the maid who should have taken up the message delayed, having something of great importance to say to the footman, and Aubrey waited impatiently. Then he heard a voice on the stairs calling up something to Diana.

"My dear, I wouldn't go! I really wouldn't! It's madness!"

That woman again! Clare again!

His hot temper blazed. That woman in the house with her still!

That woman, daring to advise Diana not to come down!

He seized his hat, and dashed downstairs. He was out on the pavement before he could frame any coherent thought. He was walking away to the club.

All his softer thoughts were obliterated. He would think no more about her. She cared nothing for him! She could confide in that woman, allow her to call to her through the house! Side against him! Could keep him waiting like a footman!

So he went to the club and ate a very poor dinner. Yet, somehow, all through, he only saw one thing: a little white glove, lying on a table. Diana's glove! She had very small, beautiful hands; the very shape of one seemed to have been imprisoned in that little glove.



The maid forgot, after all, to tell her mistress about the gentleman, and when Diana saw his name next day in the papers, she stood, hard and bitter, by the window. "He might have written a line, even if he did not come!" she thought. "I didn't think he hated me so much as all that!"

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For, of course, Clare had been speaking about something else. Hot-headed people always seem to hear things at the wrong time; conclusions are leapt at even before they arrive.

Then Diana, too, stood thinking—looking back.

"He always said he wanted something to do," she said, "something that wasn't necessarily to make money. 'The idle rich' they call us! The poor idle rich! Hungry too, hungry too!"

### CHAPTER II

DIANA had got her own way. She was rich and persuasive, and she was, too, thoroughly capable. She had joined the hospital yacht, and put herself and her money at the disposal of the organisers.

"Of course, I don't imagine I can nurse," she said. "I don't imagine I can learn, in a few weeks, what takes years, but I can carry trays and make beds, and sweep and cook. I'm a capital invalid cook. A woman with a head on her shoulders, who doesn't mind being taught, is bound to be useful. So I'm going to the hospital. If they find me useless they can dismiss me."

She was not at all useless. She had her way. They worked her hard, and forgot that she was "my lady." Then one of the nurses fell ill with over-work, and as it took time to get others from England, Diana was allowed to do other things than carry trays. She took to it with avidity.

When the doctors gave a nod of approval she felt as if she had been decorated. Oh, the difference of this from the old vapid, horrible life! The joy of well-earned sleep and of food! The joy when pinched, hollow-eyed soldiers looked up at her gratefully, when she stooped over them to hear whispered messages—or feed them—the great pity, the great love which filled her heart—but also the joy! This was life, life, the only life worth living!

She was an excellent linguist, and they used to send for her to talk German and French, and translate for some of the men. They had Germans, too. Blue-eyed men from the Rhine, drifting out on a river which would bear them very far from the Rhine, who looked up eagerly when she spoke to them in their own tongue.

They sent messages to "Emma" and "Clärchen" and "Anna"; to Braunschweig and Hanover and Stuttgart. One poor boy, with soft yellow down on his unshaven chin, seemed to think she was "Emma," and clutched her hand till the pressure was there for days. He had kept repeating the name piteously, as the great waves reared over his head; one hand clutched at the coverlid, as if he were clutching at a rope—the rope of life, in this death-river. But when she said something softly in German the terror and the anguish of his look lifted.

He looked up at her for a moment, consciously, thinking she was his Emma.

"Then it was all a horrible dream!" he said; then he began to babble: "All gone . . . fourteen out of the twenty . . . all gone . . . only a horrible dream!" Then: "Are you there, Emma?"

"Yes," Diana whispered.

He sank back with a little sigh, that was all, and she covered the face that was peaceful for the first time.

She took the card at his bed, took it away. It was no use now, for he had no need of cards any more, and it only told whether he was Catholic or Protestant: "*Cath.*" or "*Pr.*" rudely scrawled.

It did not matter now! They would not ask him, wherever he was going, if he were "*Cath.*" or "*Pr.*"

But she thought of Emma, in Braunschweig, whose place she had taken for a few moments, in order to send him out of the world happy.

The days passed, crowded days. They seemed to hear very little of the war. Their own little bit, here in the hospital, which was just vaguely and largely "France," in the few postcards she sent, loomed so big. They just got through the days and did the work. The stream of wounded was endless, endless—a mighty tideless river! Some of the Enemy—here, in the ward, a broken, pitiful enemy; the gallant French; their own calm English, and brave "kilties"—all equal here. Sorrow, tragedy, such suffering! Experience, such as she had never dreamed of, was all around her. Some of the ladies who had come went back. Diana had almost forgotten she had ever been a great lady with nothing to do but kill time and decorate herself! After all, it had come to that. Of Aubrey she heard nothing, and she never asked.



"Is it really you?"  
he whispered"—p. 252.

Drawn by  
Agillo Salmon.

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"The two idle rich!" she said to herself sometimes, with a kind of twisted smile. "The two idle rich! I wonder if he is as glad as I am that the description no longer suits us!"

Then one day, a beautiful December day, she came into the little ward—it only held six beds—and saw that a new patient was in the corner bed.

The nurse in charge beckoned to her, and told her to watch till she returned.

"Give him something to drink, if he asks," she said. "He's pretty bad. English. An officer."

She went up, by and by, the rest lying quiet, and looked down at the sleeping man. It scarcely seemed to surprise her to see that it was Aubrey, for life is, after all, so much stranger than fiction would ever dare to be! She stood looking at him; she was there when he opened his eyes. They wondered, then seemed to fix and narrow.

"I suppose—it's a dream," he said, slowly and jerkily. "Had a hot—time!—hot time!"

He spoke in a curious dazed, jerky voice. Nervous system shattered, she could see, as well as his wound. His eyes had a kind of horror.

She stooped over him. She knew, then, all in one moment, that she loved him—had never ceased to love him.

He was just Aubrey! Her husband!

She put her hand on his forehead, repeating very gently:

"A hot time! Yes. Poor boy!"

He lay and looked at her, but said nothing. His eyes followed her, but he did not try to speak. Mortal weakness and weariness dragged him down and down. But late next night, when the tide, at first reluctant

to turn, was slowly, slowly receding from the dark shore, she was alone in the ward once more, the little nurse having lain down.

And the eyes looking up at Diana were conscious. They even had a faint half-smile. She stooped over him and put her face close.

"It is really you?" he whispered. "I thought it was a dream! The usual dream! You—you—couldn't stick it either—Diana? At home?"

"Then you did dream—of me?"

A faint smile. "What made you come?" he whispered suddenly.

"The 'idle rich'—I couldn't be that any longer! With all the world—in the furnace!"

"No!"

He lay and looked at her. The little soft hand took his. Lips brushed his forehead—very sweet lips.

"When it's all over—we'll go home together," Aubrey whispered happily. "When it's all over! But I want—to go back!"

She did not quiver, though the poor maimed body, the wreck that would be Aubrey henceforth, was under her eyes.

"Together," she said, with a world of love and comfort in her voice. "Together, of course. Now, I—want to go on, too!"

She wanted to "go on."

He lay and looked at her, and slowly dawn crept into this little room under the blue sky of France. But life had somehow grown great again; it had a meaning. Love had looked at him through Diana's eyes, and love calls ever to the greatest in man.

Whate'er betide, in this dark world of change, they would "go on" together.





## THE RELIGIOUS SIDE OF CAMP LIFE

What is being done for Recruits in Kitchener's Army

By the SPECIAL COMMISSIONER OF  
"THE QUIVER"

**L**ORD KITCHENER'S message to the Expeditionary Force on the eve of embarkation to France gave religion its proper place in the training of troops for the campaign. As a great soldier he recognised that their *morale* would prove as important as their equipment. In private, but none the less pervasive, manner he has also encouraged in the home camps those religious agencies which have provided recreation, facilities for correspondence, and a temperance canteen for the men. When the weather drove the troops from the tents into wooden huts he gave instructions that the organisations which had catered for the men hitherto should be accommodated in the new winter quarters. The War Secretary's example has been followed by other officers in high authority.

### Army Chaplains

Army and Navy are both served by chaplains from various Churches, Protestant and Roman Catholic; but never before has the soldier found such variety of interests as is now established for his benefit. Naval and military authorities in time of war cannot organise social and religious agencies with the success possible to outside institutions of approved character. It is well

that this is the case. For some portion of the day the soldier naturally desires to be free from official restraint—especially is this so with the Territorial who for the first time is taking his place alongside the ordinary soldier in actual warfare. Only a few months since he enjoyed the freedom of civilian life, and is still keen on social amenities. His reasonable aspirations in this direction must be studied, or his enthusiasm for military service will be blunted in the hour of crisis. Without reasonable recreation he is often driven to excessive drinking or questionable forms of amusement. A well-known authority said privately to a friend of the writer that a large number of desertions would have resulted in the early days of recruiting but for the efforts of the Y.M.C.A. The soldier must endure hardness. St. Paul recognised this truth as he saw the Roman guard pass every now and then his prison in Rome. But if the life in camp or barracks is all grey and no sunshine, the mentality of the force is weakened and depressed. Good fighting men are not equipped in this way.

### Enter the Y.M.C.A.

Fifteen years ago the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s entered in a tentative manner

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A Snapshot in One  
of the Marquees.

upon a somewhat daring experiment. From the time of the foundation of the Y.M.C.A. at home its work had developed upon more or less definite lines. At the period mentioned the leaders were inspired with the happy thought of providing here and there marquees for religious and recreative work amongst the Volunteer battalions who came up for summer training. Previously the men had nothing of a social character apart from the canteen, and this, as a rule, simply supplied drink, and those who were in charge took little heed for anything but sales. They were there for business, and nothing else. The Y.M.C.A. enterprise proved successful, and was gradually extended. Improvements suggested themselves as the result of accumulating experience, until, when the war broke out, the Y.M.C.A. possessed the most effective system for meeting the requirements of the Territorials or the recruits in Lord Kitchener's Army. For fifteen years they had experimented, and at the time of opportunity were ready to put their knowledge and service to a more extended test than once seemed either necessary or probable.

### No Narrow Spirit

From the commencement of this work the Y.M.C.A. maintained its religious standpoint. Experience, however, taught them that there are many methods of inculcating the inspiring lessons of our faith. If you cannot make a road over the mountain you may find a way round its base. They never forgot their title, but translated their belief into action by the provision of agencies for helping the man to keep sober, for encouraging him to write home often, and by showing him that the Y.M.C.A. can provide something far superior to the public-house or the canteen. At one time the Y.M.C.A. was considered by the ordinary soldier to be something narrow and uninviting, a term of ridicule or reproach, in which only very good people were welcome. The measure of success obtained by the Y.M.C.A. may be estimated by the fact that it has lived down this early tradition.

Equipped with plan and purpose, tested by long experience, the Y.M.C.A. rose to the occasion demanded by the war. Whenever an invitation or the opportunity presented itself the Y.M.C.A. established one



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of its centres, until throughout the United Kingdom over five hundred had been provided. Not only were the leaders able to render this magnificent aid, but they also secured the right type of men to control and guide the operations. Hundreds of University men, theological students, and young professional and commercial men voluntarily devoted themselves to this task. It is, indeed, remarkable with what success this small army of workers has become mobilised for the Y.M.C.A. undertaking.

### How the Work is done

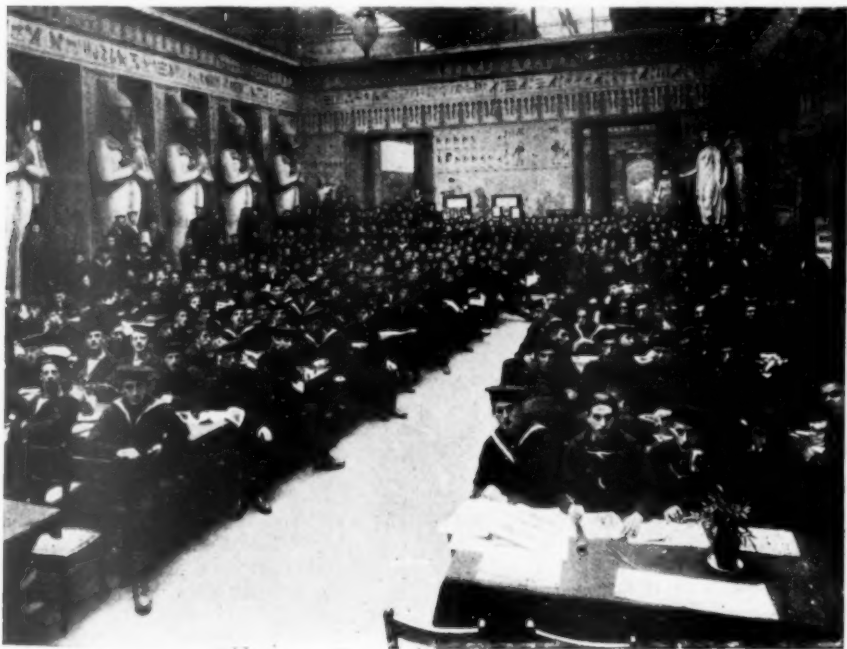
I have visited these centres in many different parts of the country, but propose simply to describe the characteristics of two. On Frensham Common, near Farnham, ten thousand Yorkshire and Lancashire men were encamped for many weeks. The camp was pitched in one of the beauty spots of Surrey, being in a shallow basin amongst the Pine Hills, with the famous Frensham ponds in the vicinity. But this great

encampment was situated four or five miles from the nearest town. Intelligent reflection indicates what it meant to those men to be accommodated with six large marquees for social and other purposes.

On visiting one of these centres I found all the writing tables crowded. Some of the men squatted on the ground both inside and outside the marquee, and by the light of motor-cars standing in the open, three were busy completing their letters. Mr. A. K. Yapp, the General Secretary, who has controlled the camp arrangements with much skill and deep sympathy, informs me from his experience that if a man writes home regularly to parents, wife, or sweetheart, he is usually saved from going wrong. On this basis the Y.M.C.A. provides writing paper and envelopes free, and since the war commenced some millions of sheets have been supplied to the troops.

### Facilities for Writing

Another boon to the men on Frensham Common consisted in the sale of postal



Y.M.C.A. Provision for Naval Men at the Crystal Palace.

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Typical Types from the Royal Fleet Reserve Merchant Seamen.

orders and stamps. The Y.M.C.A. does not usually transact ordinary postal business, but by arrangement with the authorities, and for the convenience of the soldier, sells postal orders and stamps at many centres. Especially on Fridays, when the men are paid, it is a real boon to them to obtain without difficulty remittance vouchers for their friends. The Y.M.C.A. workers find that by these facilities the men are encouraged to send immediately to their dependents sums of money that might otherwise be frittered away or spent foolishly in drink. As an example of the value of this convenience, it can be stated that in some of these centres as much as £100 has been remitted in one day. Both the men and their relatives benefit by the arrangement.

### Recreation

At 7 o'clock in the evening the men on Frensham Common began to assemble around the piano and to carry through an impromptu concert. They smoked as they pleased—in some Y.M.C.A. centres it is customary to sell tobacco and cigarettes. The Y.M.C.A. makes one important stipulation for these musical programmes—every song must be of such a character that their wives and sweethearts would appreciate it without a blush. When the marquee was opened the men had certain favourite songs, starting with "Tipperary," which they sang to their hearts' content. Then they required something new, and the leader started them learning songs from the Y.M.C.A. Song Book. This is a penny publication which has sold in its hundreds of thousands, and contains ninety of the best ballads in the English language—sentimental as well as humorous. At Frensham a song com-

petition was arranged and prizes offered for the best soloist. By this method a friendly rivalry was established, and many excellent ballads learnt.

Sometimes the camp produces a bit of a genius who offers, for instance, to answer any question affecting history, sport, or commerce that may be submitted to him. I have watched a North-country soldier reply to queries of this character with amazing smartness and accuracy. Not in one question was he nonplussed.

Within ten minutes or so of closing time the leader frankly informs the men that, according to custom, a brief family service is to be held. Everyone who has other duties to perform is offered a chance to leave, but all are invited to stay, and, as a rule, 99 per cent. remain. A portion of Scripture is read, a few cheery words are uttered, a hymn sung, and after prayer everyone stands up for the National Anthem. So to bell tents and lights out.

The Y.M.C.A. provided at Frensham a large temperance canteen, which was highly appreciated by the men. Coffee, minerals, malted milk, and cakes found many purchasers. Chocolate is another favourite with the men, and, according to the demand, various other articles are offered for sale, especially when they experience difficulty in obtaining these without undue trouble and delay. Their convenience and not the profit of the Y.M.C.A. is the guiding principle. Soap, vaseline, buttons, and candles are amongst the articles in frequent demand.

### With the Canadians

When the first Canadian contingent reached this country, 32,000 strong, the men

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were encamped on Salisbury Plain. Canada sent some of her best sons. In the ranks were doctors, solicitors, engineers, and commercial men, as well as farmers, shopkeepers, and mechanics. To a large extent they belonged to the Y.M.C.A. in the Dominion, and as a consequence seven of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. secretaries obtained commissions in order to join their members in the trenches in France.

The British Y.M.C.A. recognised its duty to the Canadians by obtaining the permission of the authorities to erect portable buildings on the Plain provided with wooden floors and heating apparatus. On my second visit to Salisbury Plain, in November, a Canadian described the Y.M.C.A. centre as the warmest and most comfortable place in camp, and his verdict was abundantly justified. All round the building deep, soft and wet mud prevailed, but inside a great crowd of Canadians rejoiced in warmth and comfort.

The Canadian has been so well treated by the Dominion that his pay is six or seven times more than that of the English Tommy, whether of the Territorials or the Regulars. He can therefore supply his numerous wants in more generous fashion, as may be judged by the fact that in one day £100 has been received for dry goods at one of the Y.M.C.A. centres. As a consequence, on the day of my visit the Y.M.C.A. buildings had the appearance of a store in a growing township out West. They re-



Early Morning Toilet.

quired quite a variety of articles, ranging from oil stoves—which are in great demand—to cough cures and towels. Letters are posted in the Y.M.C.A. centre, and as many as 20,000 are thus received in a single day from the Canadians. As the majority—if not all—of these communications have been written in the

Y.M.C.A. centres, a further idea may be obtained of the practical value of such agencies.

### Helping all the Churches

Exception might be taken by some excellent people to the Y.M.C.A. arrangements if they started and ended as dry goods stores. Candles and cough cures are but incidentals. Underlying the whole plan is the



Y.M.C.A. Rooms on the East Coast.

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Christian attitude and purpose. The pivot of the whole week is the Sunday. Military duty is then limited, and the Y.M.C.A. makes the fullest use of their buildings throughout the period of the men's leisure. In many places Protestants—both of the Established and Free Churches—Roman Catholics, and Jews use the Y.M.C.A. centres for their distinctive services in the morning. At night the Y.M.C.A. itself arranges an unconventional service for hymn singing, Bible reading, and brief addresses, which is found acceptable for men of every Church and of none. Bishops of the Church of England and well-known ministers of other Churches have spoken at these gatherings. The Bishop of London, who spent five or six weeks at Crowborough with the Metropolitan Territorials, gave ready and practical service to the Y.M.C.A. in its marquees, and expressed his appreciation of the value of its work.

Reference to Mr. Yapp at the Y.M.C.A. head-quarters, 13 Russell Square, supplies numerous instances of individual dealings with the men in camp. The Y.M.C.A. has shown itself a friend to them, and in turn they make confidants of the leaders. Difficulties at home, business matters, religious doubts, and the desire to enter the Christian service give opportunity for more direct personal influence. These opportunities are sought wisely. Whilst no attempt is offered of "pushing religion down the throats of the men"—to use an ordinary saying—the occasion is always welcomed to deal faithfully with the individual. The admirable series of papers written by Mr. A. K. Yapp, and issued under the general title of "The Y.M.C.A. with the Flag," published at a moderate price, indicate the religious spirit of the whole enterprise.

Drinking in excess is an exceptionally bad thing for the soldier and sailor, and in order to counteract its effects the Y.M.C.A. has secured thousands of pledges from the men to abstain from intoxicating liquors during the progress of the war. Pledges against the insidious evils of gambling are also taken by the Association.

What has been said concerning the work

of the Y.M.C.A. for the soldier applies also to similar agencies for the naval men at the Crystal Palace, Betteshanger Park, and elsewhere. In the visitors' book at Betteshanger Park were recorded the autographs of Mr. Winston Churchill, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other well-known people who visited these naval camps and expressed their hearty approval of the successful efforts of the Y.M.C.A.

### Appreciation

I could quote, if necessary, sheafs of testimonials spontaneously forwarded to the Y.M.C.A. For instance, warm appreciation has been given to the whole enterprise by Bishop Taylor Smith, the Chaplain-General. I prefer, however, to quote the letter of a young Scotchman, who wrote as follows:

"I am so impressed with the good work the Y.M. is doing here that I am sending you this letter telling you what is being done. The Y.M.C.A. has transformed all the public halls, institutes, and public buildings into large recreation rooms, where the men can go in and sit and get the best of books to read and all the daily papers, free of charge. They have also huge tents in every open space in the town. I forgot to mention that they take in the men's socks and darn them for the small sum of one penny. I enclose some of the cards (gambling and betting, etc.) that are being issued, and I can assure you that a good many are being signed by men here who you think would not look at them. There are 21,000 men here, so you will have an idea of what the Y.M.C.A. has taken in hand to do in B—. I can tell you that if ever a Y.M.C.A. did good work that has been appreciated it is the one that is running these rooms."

The tribute may be emphasised by the following note by the distinguished editor of the *Spectator*. Writing on October 31st, 1914, he said: "We have forwarded the £1 sent by our correspondent to the Y.M.C.A. because we believe that at the moment he who helps the soldier is best helping England, and because we believe also that no help is more efficient than that rendered to the soldier by the Y.M.C.A."

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(Naturally the work of the Y.M.C.A. has involved a considerable outlay of money, and an appeal is being made for help. I shall be glad to forward any subscriptions my readers are able to send.)

# THE TOUCHSTONE

A Story of War's Awakening

By Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS

"**L**e chauffeur de monsieur veut lui parler," remarked the waiter, deftly sweeping invisible crumbs from the little table in the shady pergola outside the Hôtel Petrarch at Avignon.

"At last! Tell him to come here at once—*too sweet*—waiter, will you?"

"Tout de suite—parfaitement, m'sieu," replied the supple-backed servitor, disappearing with celerity.

Eric Skelding leaned back and stretched himself with a grunt. It was very hot—too hot for the Midi; but his friend, Jack Deane, who was touring with him, had to be at Marsilles the following week to pick up his return boat to India, his furlough being over. They had motored through France, and arrived with some days in hand.

The heat was nothing to Jack Deane, accustomed to fry and frizzle on the plains all through a hot season, if necessary. It had the effect, however, of making Eric's always uncertain temper more irritable than usual. The motor had been giving trouble, and for the last few days Jack had been inclined to regret his acceptance of a free passage through France on his rich friend's car—to think it dear at the price.

Eric was the only son of a millionaire, and it was natural that he should be spoilt. He expected, so Jack told him, to move through a world full of special trains and red carpets. This was hardly wonderful. Wealth is the god of this world, and worldlings had been worshipping their god, in Eric's handsome person, ever since he could remember. The parents of marriageable daughters, the daughters themselves, authors with a play to produce, actors with their reputation to make, artists with pictures to sell, all combined to offer the sickliest flattery, to forestall his lightest wish, to encourage him to suppose that the whole scheme of things must be arranged to suit him.

Since arriving at the Petrarch Hotel, however, a change had come over the young despot.

Two Miss Veres were staying there, with

their mother, and, curiously enough, this family belonged to the small minority to whom Mammon is no god.

Both the girls were good to look upon, with a certain nobility too fine to be called mere prettiness. Both were intellectual. Constance, the elder, illustrated books. Celia, the younger and more beautiful, was secretary to a celebrated archæologist. Their home was at Oxford, and they were obviously in touch with the best culture of the day. They had been to Vaucluse, that Constance might make sketches for an édition de luxe of Petrarch.

They had been in no hurry to make acquaintance with the two young Englishmen. At table they sat among a group of French literary people with whom they conversed easily. From the first moment of entering the *salle à manger*, however, Eric had determined that he must know Celia; as he was accustomed to have his own way, the introduction was accomplished.

To be obliged to feel his way—to have to make all the advances—was indeed a novelty to him. He did it, however; for Celia's beauty proved to be the least part of her charm. Her attractions were of a subtler kind than any he had hitherto encountered, and Deane, to his private amusement, began to realise that Skelding was taking it seriously.

The car played a most useful part in forwarding the acquaintance. Eagerly its owner placed it at the service of the ladies; and they had already made several excursions to places of interest—days of mingled delight and mortification to Eric, who could not fail to see how much he was handicapped by his ignorance of history and literature in the eyes of these young girls, although their good breeding obliged them to let him down gently.

Jack had begun to think that falling in love was doing Skelding all the good in the world. The spoilt boy was beginning to discover that there were things in the world more interesting than the day's mileage, more absorbing than the county cricket

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scores, when there ensued a bitter day upon which the motor once more showed her temper. Eric had to stand aside while the Veres went off by train with their French friend to visit Tarascon. Eric had never heard of "Tartarin," and he felt so hopelessly "out of it" that evening that he almost determined upon leaving the hotel. But the spell of Celia was upon him, and though he chafed, it held him.

This morning, then, he awaited his chauffeur's report with eagerness. The man came to announce that the engine was running sweetly.

"Told you these 'ere French angennyers was top-hole, didn't I, sir?" he asked with pardonable exultation. "If you'd a-let me get this job done back at Bordo, same as I wanted to, we'd never have had this trouble. She'll go like a bird now."

"Then we can go to Nismes!" cried Eric, springing to his feet. "Wait there, Mansfield, while I go and ask the ladies at what time they can be ready to start."

He was off, and flying up the broad staircase. Mansfield watched him, then turned to Deane with something suspiciously like a wink.

Meeting that gentleman's cold and unsympathetic glance, he coughed discreetly.

"English papers, sir," he said, holding them out and laying them upon the table. "News looks to me a bit ominous, sir, if you'll excuse the liberty."

"What, Austria?" said Deane absently, as he opened his *Times*. "Oh, that's all right. Servia will have to climb down." He smoked calmly for a few minutes, then echoed his own words. "Have to climb down. We're all too plaguey frightened of one another to go to war. Our peace-makers, the financiers, don't you know—they wouldn't like it. They stopped the war in 1912 and they'll stop it again. Don't you get worried."

Eric came hurrying back.

"Ready in fifteen minutes sharp, Mansfield. I'll go and tell 'em to pack some lunch for us—the Veres say they would rather picnic in the ruins than go to a hotel. I'll order some fizz and see they pack the ice."

The chauffeur stood for a moment, watching his vanishing figure.

"First time I ever known him do his own errand—the—very—first," he remarked in soliloquy as he walked away.

Eric was speedily back.

"Here, hand over old Baedeker—let me mug up this blooming amphitheatre!" he cried. "I don't want to feel a rotter before those girls—they seem to know everything. I thought girls who knew things were never pretty—but Celia . . . ! Ah, by Jove! It's the third largest in the world. Get that into your thick head, Jack. Coliseum, Verona, Nismes—if we can throw off that it'll look well, won't it? Mind if I take this precious volume with me while I dash upstairs and change?"

It was as the chauffeur had said. The motor ran sweetly. Eric sat at the wheel and Celia was beside him, her diaphanous white gown covered from the dust by a thin white coat and a white hat shadowing her beautiful face with becoming curves. Eric was certainly nice to look upon. As she met his kindled eyes, the girl, for the first time, began to realise that she found him interesting.

The car devoured the miles, and the swift rush through the air kept them from feeling the heat too much. Mrs. Vere had declined so long an expedition, and there was no chaperon, unless you count Mansfield, who had to be brought in case the motor should again unaccountably misbehave.

Neither of the two young men had ever been to Rome, and the magnificence of the massive ruin struck them deeply. Inside, they found themselves almost in solitude, for the heat was too great for the average tourist.

They wandered round the vast arena, the two Veres instructing the young men as to the ancient uses of the place, and pointing out, far more intelligently than the custodian, the grooves in the floor through which scenery was pushed up or a corpse removed; the seats of honour, whence the aristocracy of the great Roman colony watched the sport; and the socket which once supported the great awnings which were stretched between the dainty heads of patrician ladies and the fierce southern sun.

They also went below and saw the labyrinth of cells, dungeons, cages for beasts, and property cupboards. By that time they were ready for their lunch, and they found a shady place, on the cool side, where they refreshed themselves in luxury, waited upon by Mansfield.



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"They were so like the English, those old Romans, in their practical usefulness," observed Constance Vere. "Their system of tickets, sections, and barriers was very much the same as that now in use in the Albert Hall."

"So modern in some ways, so archaic in others," replied Skelding. "Picture to yourselves, that Christians have actually stood up to wild beasts here, on this very spot, to make a Roman holiday!"

"Is that your idea of archaism?" asked Celia doubtfully. "Whose conduct was so out-of-date—the Romans who enjoyed the spectacle, or the Christians who furnished it?"

"The Christians, of course. What fools! Wouldn't go down now, would it? People would just laugh the martyrdom idea out of court."

"Would they? I wonder."

"These early Christians that we hear so much about," he went on, "we always think of them as saints. When I was a child they used to show me a picture of an arena full of corpses, each with a circular glory fitted neatly round his head. But they weren't saints—not a bit of it! They were irritating cranks—people that annoyed their neighbours by setting up alien standards. I don't wonder they unloaded them on the lions. The poor brutes had to be fed; and if you could feed your live stock and amuse the populace at the same time, it was sound political economy."

"Don't talk like that, you blighter!" said Jack shortly.



"Do you ever, in a place like this, have a kind of 'I-have-been-here-before' feeling?"—p. 262.

*Drawn by  
Dudley Tennant.*

"Well," went on Eric argumentatively, "but, after all, what did they do it for? They worshipped God—yes, but so did those others, only their notions of ritual were a bit different. Why should sensible men and women stick out about dropping a little incense on the fire? The fire was kindled in honour of God, even if they called Him Apollo. Why was not Apollo as good as Christ?"

Celia smiled, though rather as if she felt he went too far.

"Ah, Mr. Skelding, you are trying to 'draw' us, but you won't succeed—with me, at least. Suppose that an attack were made now, in our day, upon the Christian faith, by some nation with other standards

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—don't try to make us think that you would not take sides."

"I would do what I could to prevent anybody from being silly enough to take sides," he answered promptly. "I should say, if fight you must, fight about something that really matters—not as to whether you should look to Jerusalem or Mecca or Camden Town when you pray. But, after all, whether you have a good cause or not, nothing is worth fighting for. Nor do I believe that anybody is ever going to fight for anything again—least of all for a set of ideals which we call Christianity. Why, men don't even fight for their wives nowadays. They let them go for a money consideration. Mean to tell me that a man who will sell his wife will fight for his religious beliefs?"

"You're simply talking through your hat," said Jack angrily. "Mean to tell me that, if it came to the point, you wouldn't fight for England?"

"There is no question of the necessity arising," was the obstinate rejoinder. Eric was launched, and eager to expound his subject, since hitherto he had found himself in the position of an ignorant disciple in his present company. Unversed in history and literature, having nothing of the past to guide him, he had no doubt that he, with other modern thinkers, knew all about the future.

"That's why the Bible and Prayer-book are so hopelessly out of date," he went on glibly. "The Psalms and so on all presuppose a state of continual warfare, and there is no warfare now. Look how the scaremongers have been going about foretelling a European war—and here we are, as jolly and as comfortable as ever, some of us, like Jack, wasting our time in pretending that we are defending the Empire, whatever that may be. Have some champagne, Miss Vere?"

There was a silence, in which he was conscious of a chilling lack of agreement. His brilliance had not, it would appear, impressed his audience.

"No, thanks," said the elder sister after a while. "Mr. Deane says our time is short, and I want to go to the very top if everybody has finished."

Eric felt suddenly injured and resentful. He was under the impression that he was talking brilliantly, and that women so highly educated as the Veres would admire, even

if they disagreed. Now, glancing furtively at Celia's face, he saw what seemed like an expression of disgust or disappointment. He placed himself with determination at her side as they strolled off, and it was his hand which helped her up the stone tiers to the summit. But the eyes which had met his own upon the drive with new and exquisite meaning were now withdrawn, and her demeanour was studiously cold.

When the ascent was over they sat, side by side, gazing downward, the young man with an acute sense of grievance. Like many of his class, he was a finely developed physical specimen. The gospel of "Keep fit" has many votaries among the idle and luxurious. This young man, who laughed at earnestness and sneered at martyrdom, carried the outward appearance of a Norse Viking. At the moment the glum expression of his blue eyes, the knitting of his brow, caused him to bear a strong resemblance to that sculptured head of the "Captive barbarian" which is in our British Museum.

He was silent, nursing his sense of injury. Celia, too, spoke not a word, but sat, her slender arms wreathing her knees, her eyes wide, as if they saw visions. If there be such a thing as mental telegraphy, she conveyed some portion of her mood to him.

For suddenly it was as though the dead, dull walls had flashed into life and colour—as though gay draperies hung over the barriers and the tiers of seats were filled with eager crowds; he had a strange impression of being himself there, out in the arena, defenceless, the cynosure of thousands of unfriendly eyes.

He turned to the silent Celia with sudden wistfulness.

"Do you ever, in a place like this, have a kind of 'I-have-been-here-before' feeling?"

She flushed and looked surprised.

"I—I was having one then," she admitted unwillingly.

"Where were you in your vision?" he whispered urgently. "In the audience?"

She shook her head.

"Out—out there—in the arena," she replied, almost inaudibly, "where you could never by any possibility join me."

Her words had an accent of contempt which stung him. He was wholly unaccustomed to any censure, and in deep resentment he sprang to his feet and walked away from her, some distance to where there was

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a great rift in the masonry, giving a clear view down to the very bottom. As he approached the verge he heard a shout, and, glancing down, saw the custodian below, in the arena, making violent motions with his hand for him to step back. His mind at the moment was so full of preoccupation that only by degrees he grasped the fact that he was apparently in a dangerous place. Disregarding the peremptory command to go back, he surveyed the place on which he stood, coolly and deliberately, then stepped aside upon stone which seemed quite firm. He barely heard the howl of warning from beneath him, when the ground sank under his weight. He lost his balance; there was nothing to cling to; in the fraction of an instant he felt himself flung out into space, falling—falling through an endless vista, through a period which lasted longer than the history of the world. . . .

Crash! It had happened at last. The climax towards which, through countless ages, he had been rushing had come. Annihilation.



No sound reached him, nor ever could. Silence was there, so vast that it must belong to primal chaos. No one could approach him. He was out of reach of the world.

All duration ceased. Nothingness had come.



By degrees—by very slow degrees—he became aware that he was coming back. Impressions from something exterior to himself began to reach him; he was in process of return to some familiar, well-known world from which he had long, long been absent.

First he was unromantically conscious that he could smell. The air was stilling. It was the atmosphere of a shut-up place, full of very partially washed humanity. It was also curiously reminiscent of a memory of his childhood—the smell of the Zoological Gardens. Very soon he noted that he began to hear. There was a sound of intermittent roaring, such as the great carnivora give forth when they are hungry. Feeling next came into play. He put out his hand and felt straw. He was lying—or, rather, lounging—upon some straw. With a determination to explore farther, he opened his eyes and saw what at first seemed extraordinary,

but what he knew, in a minute or two, to be part of his daily life.

A dim light burned flickeringly in a small low space—an underground cave or cellar, in which several persons were assembled. A knot of soldiers, outside bars, stood laughing and talking. Within the bars a man with a keen, dark face stood up, a small dish or plate in his hand. Round him, in a semicircle, knelt a few men and women. He moved from one to another, murmuring a form of words, and placing in each hand something which was raised to the lips and reverently consumed.

He was fully awake now, and it was all quite familiar. These were those fantastic creatures, the Christians! That was their priest! The maiden whose pure profile he could see, who knelt there with closed eyes and folded hands, was Cælia Vera, and she was a patrician's daughter. Yet, on account of her curious creed, she was here in this motley throng, among slaves and gladiators—one of the band of wretched ones who were to feed the beasts to-day.

The service was just over. She rose from her knees, gently lifting the elder woman who knelt beside her. Then she turned to the corner where the straw was strewn, and seated herself there, as though weary.

He leaned forward. Some devil prompted him to taunt her.

"The moment draws very near, Cælia Vera," he sneered.

She raised her eyes to his, then, and he saw them full of glory.

"It draws near, Erik the Skald," she answered gently. "For you, as for me, it draws near."

"But they will give me a weapon," he answered, "and I shall sell my life dearly. We barbarians care not how we die, if it be but with a sword in our hands."

"And we Christians," she smiled back, "care not how we die if our Lord be truly with us."

"Does that folly still uphold you?" he muttered.

She turned towards him more fully, leaning her elbow on her knee; and her lovely chin was cupped in her hand.

"To be killed by a lion is horrible, but it is soon over. Then comes life everlasting. Are you ready for that, Erik the Skald?"

He held his hand to her, and to his amazement she gave him hers.



"Men were running, the audience was yelling. . . .  
Erik saw the man's sword rise. . . ."—p. 267.



Drawn by  
Dudley Tennant.



## THE QUIVER

"If for everlasting I might have you," he murmured, "then would I call myself Christian, or what you will."

"You are nearer than you think—almost at His feet," she answered. "Patricians have insulted me, but you, a barbarian of Britain, have been to me as a brother. Through Christ we have drawn near—we, who were poles apart."

"Through Christ? Nay, but through the power of love."

She shed upon him the full sunshine of her smile.

"It is the same," she whispered.

Loud voices broke in upon them, and tossing lights approached. Calia did not move. She let the young barbarian hold her hand in his big, warm clasp.

"Till we meet again, Erik," she whispered.

He leaned over and took her in his arms.

"If faith in Christ makes women like you—" he faltered, as for one priceless moment he held her close.

Then it was over. They both stood up, and she whispered:

"Help my mother."

He went up to the old, trembling lady, and passed his arm about her as her son might have done. As they emerged from the dark tunnel into the arena's sunny glare he was thinking that it would be a cause of malicious satisfaction to many a lady there to see the wife of Constantius Verus upheld, profaned by the touch, the support, of a young barbarian gladiator from the Western Isles.

The roaring of the caged brutes below was a familiar sound. The roar of the assembled thousands of human beings, thirsting for their blood, turned him for a moment sick. Then all his strength and pride came back, and he set his teeth.

In those days it was the pleasure of the audience that Christians thrown to the lions should have a couple or so of gladiators to fight for them. It prolonged the agony, but seldom affected the end. If the men slew the first lions, others could be let loose upon them. Only in very exceptional circumstances was mercy shown.

As the little group was marched in and stationed at the point whence the Prefect could best watch the sport, Erik felt pouring through his veins a tide of such energy as never before had thrilled him. In all his careless life, no moment had been so sweet

as this. The scampering forms of the great beasts, some slinking, some bounding from the opened cages, affected him no more than the rising of a covey of partridges affects the sportsman. He felt as if he could kill a hundred.

In this mood of intense life, of abnormally acute sensation, he was able to think more clearly than ever before. He perceived details with great distinctness—the waving of the orange-and-white striped awning, and the soft warmth of the tiny wandering breeze that fluttered in beneath it. His nostrils relished the strong perfume of verbenas reeking from the silks and jewels of the ladies, crowded there like flowers in a garden bed, terrace beyond terrace.

He stood facing as it were a whole epoch, a whole civilisation. He was surrounded by a people who found their pleasure in watching the torments of the helpless—the vain, frantic efforts of those who could not escape. Never till this moment had Erik felt his mind in revolt from such an idea. It seemed a natural law. *Vae victis!*

Now it flashed across him, like sudden light in a dark place, that the human race was not for this. From above, too far for him to grasp it, there glimmered down a glorious prophecy, like the forerunner of dawn in black night.

"And the Light shined in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not . . . but to as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God."

The words were actually spoken in his ears. They came from the lips of Calia Vera.

Power to become the sons of God! Ay, truly such power had she—had these helpless Christians standing round him. There was in them a force which transcended brute strength, which conquered might. They were above and beyond the tormenting of their persecutors. Once more his blazing blue eyes swept the rows of handsome faces, saw the boastful content, the self-satisfaction of the Roman Empire.

And he knew that it was doomed. It was passing, as all earthly power must pass. He saw it as a thing of the moment—a thing of no importance. Rome must perish, but not the sons of God! "To them gave He power"! Was it too late?



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A brown shaggy lion was cantering sullenly along the barrier—would be, in a moment, within reach of his arm.

"Cælia, I am a Christian!" he shouted suddenly, in his high, clear, northern voice, on which the Latin words rang strangely.

There was a burst of laughter and ironical cheering. The audience found him good sport. A moment later he stood, quivering with he knew not what mixture of feeling. Many Christians, he knew, thought it wrong to use any weapon. They submitted to death without a struggle. In his new-found exaltation, he might be capable of that, but he could not stand by and see women torn by lions without raising a hand in their defence. With a bound, his mind made up, he sprang to where Cælia and her mother stood in the foreground, and covered their bodies with his own. His movement precipitated the lion's spring. With a roar which thrilled all the breathless house to a shudder, the huge brute leapt upon the gladiator.

Without a falter the sword received him, entering at the heart. At the instant when his whole weight should have descended upon the man, he fell short and rolled over, gasping, on the sand.

"In the name of Christ I subdue lions. Amen," said Erik simply.

The other beasts were discouraged by the fall of their leader and the glitter of the Norseman's blade. They slunk back, growling, towards the cages. Efforts to drive them forward proving unavailing, men of ferocious aspect entered the arena with red-hot irons.

"Erik," whispered Cælia, "were it not best to offer no resistance? Does not this but prolong our agony?"

He answered, "No beast shall tear you, Cælia Vera. I must fight till I can fight no more. When I am spent I will drive my blade into your heart, and release you so."

Her eyes thanked him. There was a man watching like a lynx from the Prefect's side. He had no more intention of allowing Cælia to be torn by lions than had Erik himself. The Prefect had promised him her life at the critical moment. He smiled, with quivering lip, as the young barbarian felled the lion.

But a rabble of beasts was now flying upon them, driven across the sand by the yells

and goads of the torturers. The old gladiator—a Dacian, with thews of iron and a tongue no man could understand—ranged himself up beside Erik, and lion after lion was dealt with. Around them fell the corpses of the slain like a barrier.

The audience began to murmur and to cry out. This slaughter was getting too expensive. It was a long business bringing a new consignment of lions from Africa. Also, these men were splendid, and should be saved for more scientific fighting.

It rested with the Prefect to decide at what moment the desire of the audience should be considered as expressed strongly enough to be acted upon. The moment came. He rose and extended his hand. The roar of approval, the tumult of applause, showed how welcome was the signal.

Erik was hardly conscious of it. The last of the carnivora to leap had made its spring before he had quite finished dealing with its predecessor; as it fell in the death agony, it ripped, with its terrific claws, from shoulder to thigh, laying open the man's whole side. He felt the slippery blood bathing his limbs in a warm torrent. The circle of the surrounding seats began to rock before his eyes. Then he was recalled by the frantic clutch of Cælia's little fingers upon his uninjured arm.

"Your promise! Save me! The Prefect is giving me to him!"

He stared before him dizzily. Towards them came running the men dispatched to rescue the martyrs and bring them out. He strove and strove again to lift his lacerated sword arm, and groaned as he realised that he could not use it.

"Quick, Erik, take me with you," she was urging, as she tried to force the point of his sword against her breast.

The Dacian, wiping his blade in triumph, turned swiftly towards her, and smiled. His own women were chaste, and he saw the girl's terror and knew what she feared. With an interrogative gesture he raised his weapon. She nodded, and knelt down by Erik's side.

Men were running, the audience was yelling. The Dacian stood there smiling, hearing threats of vengeance shrieked against him from the royal box.

Erik was lying on the ground, and Cælia's head was on his arm. She was dead—dead and smiling. Through the gathering mists Erik saw the Dacian towering above the

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heap of bloody fur. He saw the man's sword rise and fall again, sheathed in his mighty heart. He had rescued himself from the oppressor, even as he had rescued Celia. Erik wanted to cheer, to shout—to announce the complete triumph of those in the arena to those in the audience. But the whole scene was fading—fading in an ecstasy of weakness. Even the throbbing of his severed arteries had ceased. "I never knew it was so easy to die," he thought . . . and was capable of thought no more.

A very ordinary sound awoke him. The musical striking of a carriage clock.

He opened his eyes. The thought in his mind was that the Christians had had the best of it after all. He wanted to tell somebody that he was of that opinion. But when he actually opened his eyes there seemed to be nobody there.

The sunshine crept through closed shutters into the clean white room where he lay. The noises of the street rose to his ears. This was very unlike the dungeons at Nismes. It was part of a different life, yet oddly familiar, too.

There were flowers arranged all about the rather bare little room, giving it a holiday aspect. He felt very empty and hungry. Had that ghastly, gaping wound, made by the lion's claw, been successfully healed?

Moving cautiously, he found himself encased in some rigid framing, all down his wounded side, but his arm was free.

"Funny," he remarked aloud. "I thought my shoulder was the worst."

"Oh!" There rose from a low seat beside his bed a charming little person in a white coif. She smiled encouragingly. "Monsieur a bien dormi," said she in a pleased voice.

He was so surprised that it was a long time before he could reply.

"Mais oui, certainement," he said hesitatingly.

"Bon. Vous allez manger un peu de soupe," said she heartily, and proceeded to administer nourishment to his great satisfaction.

As he drank from her hand he was reflecting busily.

"Est-ce Nismes, mademoiselle?" he hazarded at last.

"Mais non, monsieur, c'est Marseilles—l'Hôpital des Bonnes Sœurs."

"Tiens!" was all he could ejaculate by way of reply to this. The soup gave him strength, and his mind began to work. Was that all a dream—that gladiator life which seemed so vivid? If he was not Erik the Skald, then who was he? Where was he? Yet more dread speculation—*when* was he? He asked his little nurse for the exact date. It was the 25th of September, 1914. September! They were to have been in Marseilles in August, to see Jack off! What had happened? He remembered July, but there was a blank bit for which he could not account. In the midst of his puzzling he went to sleep again.

There were other intervals after that—a little broken talk, more soup, hot milk, other things, some of which tasted good and others did not, and were probably physic.

At last, after more sleep, he was broad awake and in full possession of his faculties. His little nurse, when she had waited on him, asked if he felt well enough to see a visitor presently.

"That all depends upon who it is," he told her with a twinkling eye.

"C'est Mademoiselle Vere."

The colour rushed to his cheeks. After a pause:

"Prêtez-moi un petit miroir, mademoiselle, pour l'amour de Dieu."

She handed the desired mirror, and he looked upon his flowing yellow moustache and short yellow beard with a mixture of horror and amusement.

"I look far more like Erik the Skald," he reflected. "I feel more like him, too! But how will she know that? How will she know how much I have changed since I talked that tosh to her?"

It was about eleven o'clock when she came softly in. He thought, as she advanced, that she was more beautiful than his memory of her. She was very shy, however—desperately shy. He, little knowing how through his long delirium her name had been for ever on his tongue, wondered at the change from her usual gentle dignity and reserve.

He begged her to explain things—how she came to be there, and what had become of the two months wiped off his calendar.

She told him, then, how nobody expected, when he fell, that he could have been picked up alive, but that he had providentially alighted upon a huge heap of fodder which

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was stored at one side of the amphitheatre. The Nismes doctors had treated his fractured thigh so skilfully that at the end of six weeks it had been thought safe to bring him in the car to Marseilles for the opinion of a brain specialist. Mr. Deane had, of course, been obliged to leave, so they had stayed on—he had left them in charge.

"And you have been in Marseilles through all this stifling heat?" he cried. "How can one ever hope to repay you? But why did not my pater and the girls come out and look after me? That is the puzzling part."

"Oh, they couldn't," she answered awkwardly. "It really wasn't practicable. It was not easy to send them news . . . and, you see, we had to stay here."

"I don't see that; and as to not being practicable, I can imagine nothing, short of a state of international warfare, which would stop my old dad from going where he chose."

"And that, according to you, is an impossible state of things?" said Celia, with a smile that seemed to him to have a tinge of pity in it.

In the pause which followed—a pause during which he gazed at the girl until she felt an increasing sense of embarrassment—he became conscious again of a sound which had aroused his curiosity when first she arrived.

"Did they settle that my brain is really all right?" he asked anxiously. "I feel sensible enough, but all the time we are talking I hear a noise like the sea, or like thousands marching—and the sounds of shouting too. It is like troops—"

"It is troops," she replied nervously. "I could hardly get here for the crowds. All Marseilles is in the street, watching them."

"Indeed? What troops are they?"

Her eyes met his steadily.

"They are Indian troops, landed here yesterday. They are going to the front."



"They came on like a rippling stream"—p. 270.

Drawn  
by  
Dudley Tennant.

"To the front? Indian troops going to the front? That means that there is a war—that we, England—are at war?"

"Since your fall, things have happened that you told us could never happen. The Germans have gone through Belgium—little, helpless Belgium—with fire and sword, murdering, pillaging, burning—worse! We could not stop them."

"God!" he murmured under his breath,

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and he turned so white that Celia leant forward impetuously and took his hand.

"But we shall stop them," she said, half sobbing; "all the world is banded together now to stop them—with God's help!"

Down in the street was the tramp, tramp, tramp of armed thousands, and the thunder of the cheers.

"I can't bear it!" he cried out suddenly. "Call somebody—push my bed to the window—I must see for myself!"

The little *sœur* flew for the doctor, and in a moment the thing was done—the shutters were open, the bed was close to the window, and Eric could see the street.

They came on like a rippling stream—"rank beyond rank, like surges bright in a broad sea of gold"—the splendour of the sun shone upon snowy turbans, fine bronze faces, glittering blades. There was shouting, there were flowers, the air seemed full of waving hands.

Now they were turning the corner; the Gurkha regimental band hove in sight. The drum-major was one wide smile from ear to ear; he positively quivered with exultation as the vast crowd like one man took up the strain of their own war-hymn, played by these men from a far land upon instruments such as the Frenchmen had never dreamed of.

"Aux armes—aux armes—citoyens!"

The doctor stood watching with some apprehension the working muscles of his patient's face. Trembling Eric watched, with clenched hands and sobbing breath.

The soldiers passed from sight—the strains of the Marseillaise grew fainter.

He sank back upon his pillows, and was himself unconscious of the two tears rolling down his face.

"Oh God! My country! How shall I bear to be tied by the leg like this?" he passionately cried.

"Cheer up," said the doctor; "you are making a splendid recovery. In three months' time your country may want you even more than she does now—who knows? And if all goes well, you may be ready by then. I'll go now and send something for you to take."

He left the room, and the little *sœur* went with him.

Eric dared not look up. He heard the rustle of soft draperies, and realised that Celia was kneeling by his bed. He felt her soft fingers clasp his hand, as she had clasped it in the straw of the dungeon under the amphitheatre. He ventured, then, to raise his sorrowful eyes, and saw in hers the look she had accorded him then—when, at the crisis of their fates, they had gone forth into the arena.

"Help me," he pleaded, as though she had been through it all with him. "Stand by me now, as you did then."

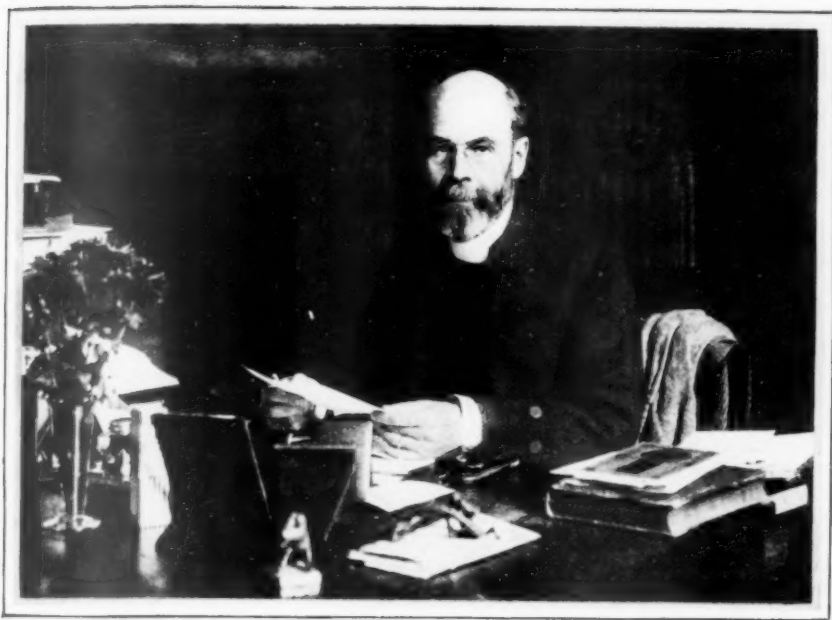
"I will," she answered simply.

For in the dark hours of his fever she had indeed gone through it all with him. But it was not for a long while afterwards that he knew that.



Evening in the Desert.

Photo: Printing Craft, Ltd.



The Right Rev. the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Ryle.

Photo: Russell & Sons.

## THE CRISIS AND THE BIBLE

By the Right Rev. Bishop RYLE, D.D.

Dean of Westminster

### The Crisis

OUR peaceful and peace-loving country is involved in the most terrible war that the human race has ever known. The imagination is paralysed in any attempt to conceive what it means. Something like thirty millions of men in the prime of life, the very flower of European nations, have for months been locked in murderous strife. It is a fight on an unparalleled scale by land and sea and air; and a fight to a finish.

Thousands are slain in ever battle; death and suffering in all their most ghastly shapes are the daily harvest of the war.

There has been no such catastrophe as this in the annals of history. The very foundations of civilisation seem to rock beneath our feet. Sudden death snatches thousands of victims in every conflict along the far-flung battle-fronts. Where is any

element of certainty? Where is comfort, or hope, or security to be found? Is everything being reduced to one vast welter of confusion and calamity?

Such are the questions that are being asked. Grief and fear and suspense and bereavement assail a terribly large proportion of those who remain behind. Many are tempted to forgo their faith. Many are driven into despair. Many forget the promises of their country's religion.

### The Bible

But it is not so, thank God, with all. Hundreds and hundreds who have gone forth from our shores have left us in order to fight, not only bravely, but cheerfully, against the country's foes; and the secret of their happiness and their fortitude lies in their simple faith. Whether at the front or at home, the faith in Jesus Christ is the source

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of our highest courage and our truest consolation. And it is because our Bible is the treasure house of our Christian life that we need, at this crisis of our country's existence, to realise the greatness of its spiritual power for good.

This is not the time at which we want to dilate upon the beauties of the English translation, or upon the literary perfections of the various books. This is not the time at which we need to dwell upon the interesting questions which relate to their composition, their date, and their authorship. Such problems will always appeal to a certain number of scholarly and thoughtful Scripture students. A right understanding of them is of the greatest importance for the full intelligent understanding of the argument and purpose with which some of the books were written. Who does not realise that a great deal of the contents, for instance, of the Epistle to the Romans, or of the Prophet Amos, will remain obscure, if not unintelligible, unless they are read with the assistance and in the light of the modern aids accessible to every Bible student?

But what we have to think of to-day is something quite different. It is the value and support represented by the Bible in the crisis through which we are passing—a crisis at which all ordinary thoughts are in abeyance, and at which we come up abruptly against the great final issues of life and death and the hereafter.

### The One Sustaining Power

We Christians, at this crisis, turn to our Bible as, perhaps, we never have done before. For the Bible is supremely the Book of God. And the very thought of God has been too generally ignored by an age devoted to the pursuit of money and pleasure and excitement. In a manner and to a degree which have no parallel, the Bible tells us about God and about Eternity. Is life on earth short and fleeting, full of misery and disappointment, bereavement, distress and violence? This Book of books tells us of Him Who is the Author of our being, Who is our Father in the unseen Heaven, Who made us in His own image and without Whose Knowledge and Will not a hair of our head can fall to the ground.

We Christians, at this crisis, turn to our Bible, because it tells us all that we can learn about Jesus Christ. He is the object

of our faith and trust for this life and the life to come. Our life on earth has been transfigured by His life on earth. Our death has been hallowed by His death upon the Cross of Calvary. Our Future Life is irradiated with glory, because He has risen from the grave. The black despair of our accusing conscience is removed, because we have been taught and can partially understand that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." The vision of Eternity is revealed to the simplest believer. The words, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," have summarised for thousands and thousands of the followers of Jesus the riches of the promise of the Gospel.

### "I am with Thee"

We Christians, who believe that this life is not all, find no literature comparable with that of the Bible, because it assures us that we may rely upon God's presence with us now. It tells us of the help and strength that He will give us according to our daily need. Again and again, in the simple narrative of the Patriarchs (Gen. xxvi. 24, xxviii. 15, xxxi. 3, Ex. iii. 12, Jos. i. 5), in the story of the call of the Prophets (e.g. Jer. i. 8, 19), and in the encouragement of the Apostle (Acts xviii. 10), the words, "I am with thee," epitomise the faith which the Books of Scripture sustain. And nowhere is this vital principle of the Christian religion so directly brought into contact with daily life as in the words of the Lord Jesus Himself: "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 20); "Where I am, there shall also My servant be" (John xii. 26); "Father, I will that where I am they also may be with Me" (John xvii. 24).

It is not, of course, every book of the Bible that gives us the same message. We know well that the Old Testament, the Holy Scriptures that were in the hands of our Blessed Saviour and His Apostles, represents a standard of spiritual and moral thought which is far lower than that of the New Testament. We sometimes forget that the writings of the Old Testament often reflect the spirit of cruel vindictiveness against the Gentiles and the oppressors of Israel (e.g. Ps. cxxxvii. 7-9, Is. xxxiv. 6 ff., Ezek. xxxv. 2, Lam. iv. 21, 22, Amos i. 11 ff.) which has little in harmony with the Sermon on the



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Mount. The denunciations in Pss. lix. and cix. and the massacre of the enemies of the Jews in Esther ix. have nothing in them of the Christian spirit.

Let us make full allowance for the limitations of the Hebrew revelation before the coming of Christ. But, in spite of its limitations, the literature of the Old Testament contains, more especially in the Psalter and in the Books of Isaiah and of Deuteronomy, a storehouse of devotional writing which in spiritual character and in pure intensity of religious feeling has no parallel.

It is probable that at this crisis we all of us find ourselves turning day by day to the Psalms, and never failing to meet with the thought which supplies strength and comfort to our poor, weak, and easily dejected minds. Study the Psalms, I would beseech you, my down-hearted brother or sister. Think of the splendid faith of the Psalmist writers. They had not looked upon the vision of a Divine Saviour, as you have been allowed to do, in the person of Jesus Christ: and yet they looked up and felt that God was about them by day and by night (Ps. cxxxix.), and that He watched over them in all their going out and coming in (Ps. cxxi. 8). How full of help and inspired guidance and support are such Psalms as i., viii., xv., xvi., xix., xxiii., xxiv., xxxi., xxxii., xxxiv., xlii., xlv., li., lvi., lxxi., lxxxiv., lxxxvi., xc., xci., ciii., civ., cxi., cxii., cxviii., cxix., cxxi., cxxx., cxxxix., cxlii-cxlv. Every one of us will have his special favourites; and none should fail at a time like this to seek for courage and refreshment of soul from this unfailing source.

What we have said about the Psalter can be said with yet greater emphasis about the four Gospels. There we are in the Presence of the Lord. There we hear His words of love and truth and wisdom. There we watch His actions, His suffering, His dying, for our sake. We read, and, as we read, we say involuntarily, "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief," "My Lord and my God." Of course, here, too, we have, nay, we ought to have, our favourite passages. One passage will assist us more at one time than another. And the Gospel narrative is so simple, its teaching so spiritual, that no devotional book can approach it in influence and inspiration.

Yet again we turn to our Bible as the book which gives us the highest standard of Christian conduct in daily life. We read again the Sermon on the Mount; we study St. Paul's description of love in 1 Cor. xiii. We may find things hard to understand in the Epistles, but the simplest readers can follow the practical teaching of the Apostles in Romans xii.-xiv., Gal. v., vi., Eph. v., vi., Phil. iii., iv., Col. iii., iv., 1 Thes. iv., v., 1 Tim. v., James iv., v., 1 Peter. Let us read, and re-read, such portions as these, so that our minds may be fortified with their inspiring precepts concerning trust, and loving-kindness, and calmness, and forbearance, and righteousness, in the hour of trial and anxious tension.

### Help in Time of Need

Neither is there any need of our being afraid lest in such reading we should be dishonouring our Bibles by the selection of short passages or even detached texts. We find in this devotional study of portions of Holy Scripture the spiritual help and support that we need in a time of crisis—a crisis which is individual and personal as well as national and universal. A few words only, like those in Is. xliii. 2, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, etc.," will suffice to give strength and direction for the lifting up of our souls to God.

As we began with an allusion to the contemporary aspects of the European War, so in conclusion let us recollect that the books of the Old Testament are the patriotic as well as the sacred literature of a little nation cruelly oppressed. No study of our Bibles, at a crisis like the present, should ignore the foundation thought of the Hebrew Bible that "righteousness exalteth a nation" (Prov. xiv. 34). The witness of the Old Testament is based on the progressive Revelation of the Divine Nature through the national history of the little People of Israel.

God has spoken unto us in and through that nation, "of whom is Christ according to the flesh." By the help of His Holy Spirit may it be granted to us, at this crisis, to find in our Bible the message of Divine Truth which we and our country are intended to learn! May we be found faithful to it in the day of victory and in the happier times of restored peace!



"The Herr Doktor is passing now. Will you not wave your hand to him?"—p. 290.

Drawn by  
W. Reynolds.

## MOTHER OF MEN

War and the Woman

By BRENDA ELIZABETH SPENDER

No apology is needed in a magazine like *THE QUIVER* for inserting this story. Humanity is the same the world over—in Germany as in England, and whoever wins it is the woman who suffers first and last.

ON one side the windows of Herr Doktor Ganz's tall grey house look into leafy, quiet Anna Strasse and face similar respectable dwellings beyond the second row of plane trees; on the other—for the house stands at a corner—they stare down at the Ehrenfeld trams screaming their way out of Köln with much unnecessary noise. It has vaguely impressed the Herr Doktor's wife that the situation of the house is typical of her life. Anna Strasse represents the elements of it that are placid, respectable, conforming to rule, as personified in her husband

and Hans, her elder son; the restless, noisy uncertainties of the Ehrenfelder Weg, on the other hand, typifying her few anxieties—such matters as the Herr Doktor's health, the ill behaviour of certain *mädchen* who should have known better than to disgrace a well-regulated household by inefficient wielding of dusters and brooms, and, more than all, the proceedings of her second son, Karl Theodor.

Yet her housewifely care for brilliant glass and spotless curtains expends itself even more upon the despised windows above

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the tram-lines, where the dust is always flying, than upon those on the favoured Anna Strasse side; and it is Karl Theodor who tries all things and succeeds in nothing, who is inconstant in everything save his love for her, who is the tenant of the inmost chamber of his mother's heart. She is not demonstrative, and yet her love has ways of expressing itself. When, for instance, for the sake of Hans has she bestirred herself as she does on this bright spring afternoon, at the hour when every respectable resident in the locality is taking his or her after-dinner rest? Her unusual activities lead her to a white-painted door at the top of the steep staircase, and as she knocks with one hand the other closes on the door-handle, and she grows a little anxious when, though it turns, the door does not open before her.

"Who is there?" asks a voice, and when she answers, hasty steps cross the room and the door is thrown open by a tall young man in his shirt-sleeves.

"Why, *Mütterchen!*" he stammers, and she stands looking up at him for a moment and then comes in and closes the door behind her.

"You have said '*Auf wiedersehen*' to Papa?" she asks, after a pause.

"I have said '*Adieu*,'" he answers bitterly.

Judged even by German standards, the little mother is not a pretty woman. From an English point of view she is positively plain; moreover, she is agitated, and her face is unbecomingly red; but she has kind, brown eyes, with something bright and bird-like about them which redeems the shapelessness of her plump face. Now they lose their sparkle suddenly.

"*'Adieu'*?" He was still angry with you, Karl?"

Her son nods, sitting down on the side of the high feather bed, which sinks beneath his weight; his hands are in his trousers pockets, and his face is steadily turned away from hers.

"He told me he did not wish to see me again before I leave—it did not seem that he ever wishes to see me again." His angry voice, not quite a man's voice yet, is unsteady. "He said he had not expected to have a fool for a son."

The Frau Doktor Ganz is confronted with a difficulty. Her husband has called her youngest-born a fool. She, as it happens,

with the divine optimism of motherhood, does not agree with him, and for the first time in her married life she has just ventured to state her disagreement, to the Herr Doktor's manifest astonishment. At the same time, it does not do to undermine paternal authority, even when one can no longer preach paternal infallibility, so she evades the point.

"It is a pity, Karl, that you could not be an *einjährig-freiwilliger*, like your brother."

"Hans?" The boy turns on her passionately. "Hans? I'm sick to death of hearing of Hans—Hans and his uniform, and Hans and his men—Hans and his examination! Papa thinks Hans a clever fellow because he passed his second class at the Gymnasium, and me a fool because I failed; but I tell you if either of us is a fool it is Hans. He has sat with his head in a class-book ever since he could read, 'swatting'—his boyish smile comes back with pardonable pride in his English slang. "He is clever, good old Hans; but he knows nothing at all really of music, or art, or poetry, or life—in anything but a *biergarten* sense."

"He will have time for all that by and by, when he leaves the University."

Her son, his face clouded again, stares at her for a moment; then he gets up, takes his coat from where it hangs lopsidedly on the back of a chair, and begins to shrug himself into it.

"It is time I was gone," he says.

He is to leave this afternoon to join the army for his two years' compulsory service, and he is to go in disgrace. His father is incensed with him, partly because it suits him but ill that any child of his should fail at a public trial such as this examination, partly because of the waste of a year involved, partly because Karl Theodor's unpractical temperament, with its quick transitions from depression to gaiety, is in itself an aggravation to him, and vainly has his wife suggested that all this may arise from the fact, evident to her eyes, that Karl is a genius. The younger of the two Ganz boys, as a matter of fact, is one of those unfortunate people who are born to be exceptions. The laws that are easy enough for others to keep press heavily upon them; the roads which others find it pleasant and profitable to walk are impossible; his father has nothing for him but impatience; his mother, standing there watching him, understands how sore the

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boy's heart is, and holds out her hands in a gesture that is very kind. She draws his head down on her bosom, where it has rested so often when he was a little one, and she comforts him with loving words.

"I understand, Karlchen; it is a pity, but you will do your best, and afterwards—afterwards you will work hard and prove what you are worth, and I will speak to Papa—when he has got over the disappointment—and he will forgive you. I promise it."

Karl Theodor is very fair, and his blue eyes look up into her brown ones out of a white young face. His lip trembles.

"*Liebes Mütterchen*," he says, "you always understand—you are never angry."

As he is speaking, the door opens again, and the elder son—at home, since it is the time of the University vacation—stands on the threshold. He is darker, more stolid than his brother; his face, though kindly, is not sensitive. He seems to see something a little diverting in his brother's attitude, mental and physical.

"It is time you marched, Karl, *mein lieber*, but"—he looks at his watch—"Himmel! to say good-bye to the violin for a couple of years would not bother me much." He jerks his head at the open fiddle-case on Karl Theodor's table. "Who knows, you may see some fighting if you have luck. This peace cannot last for ever."

"But we do not want fighting; we want our husbands and sons safe and happy at home," his mother protests. Hans laughs, showing white teeth, and aims an imaginary gun.

"What is the good of an army if you never fight?"

"That is what you have been saying ever since you had a helmet," says Karl good-humouredly; "but for me it would be too much of an interruption to the violin."

He looks round the little bedroom, where he has slept ever since he was old enough to be alone. It is not scrupulously neat, almost bare in its airiness, as the other bedrooms in the house are; there are violin strings and rosin on the bed, and modelling clay that should be on the table spoiling the polish of the floor, and a litter of music on the toilet table; but outside, looking down, you can see the topmost branches of the plane trees, sunlit and very green, dancing

in a teasing spring wind; and looking straight before you over the houses, the spire of the Dom and the Martinskirche, and the outlines of distant mountains. Something tugs at his heart. This home life is the life he would choose; the military atmosphere that is to close round him has no attraction for him; he feels that perhaps his father is right, that any sacrifice of his present inclinations would have been better than that he should be self-doomed to an extra year of it. He is suddenly ashamed of himself.

"*Mütterchen*," he says, and as he kisses her he whispers in her ear, "tell Papa that I was a fool: I see it. You are sure he will forgive me?"

"I promise you that, Karl."

Her sons leave her, for Hans goes to see the last of his brother, and when she has wiped away a tear that will come to her eyes sorely against her will—for she is not of the crying kind—she goes to the window and looks out into sunny, quiet Anna Strasse and watches her two boys until they are out of sight.

Conny Ganz is a meek and self-effacing little woman; but beneath all her ready complaisance there is a determination that it is well to take into account. Karl Theodor is far enough away, down at Coblenz, learning the goose-step and all other accomplishments of a soldier of the Fatherland, and by his half-humorous, half-rueful account taking a remarkably long time about it. Hans is nearer, at Bonn, studying jurisprudence and displaying the wonderful cap of his *Studentenschaft* before the admiring eyes of any *Bonner Fräulein* who can spare a glance for a man who is not a Hussar officer; and the tall house at the corner of Anna Strasse, where the trams go screaming past, is as quiet and dull inside as it looks from without; but the Frau Doktor has not forgotten her promise to her younger son. Never before has there been a rupture in the family happiness; she cannot rest until it is healed and father and son are at one again. Once or twice in conversation at table when a letter has come from her young soldier she ventures to begin the work of reconciliation which she promised, and each time she meets with the same rebuff.

"Karl Theodor is a fool, and I am not interested in him," says the little Doktor, and the scars of the *mensur* which cross upon

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his square, brown cheek and run up into the dark hair, sedulously kept short for their better display, grow a little red. Old Jakob, the Doktor's servant, waiting at table in his cotton jacket, looks sadly at his mistress from behind the Herr Doktor's chair, and shakes his head. The Frau Doktor knows quite well that Jakob is of the opinion that the breach between father and son will never be healed; she is a brave little woman, no amount of discouragement will turn her aside, and yet her husband's word has always been her law, as no doubt a husband's word should be. It is only for her boy that she could bring herself to oppose him with such unwomanly persistency.

Spring wears on into summer; the double pink almond trees and the big bushes of red japonica in the Spielplatz in the Ehrenfelder Weg lose their flowers, and then quite an unimportant piece of news—at least, it seems unimportant and far from the concerns of quiet dwellers in Anna Strasse—shakes Europe with a tiny vibration that shall grow more and more terrible until great kingdoms are sent tottering into ruin. The assassination of the Archduke of Austria seems in a personal sense but a small thing that day when the telegraph makes it known throughout the world to many who shall find it the first stratum of that rock on which the fair ship of their hopes goes down.

Conny Ganz is less interested in the news than most people; for that day, supported by her two *mädchen*,

she is making an onslaught upon the Herr Doktor's surgery, since he is away for a few hours, and the opportunity for cleaning and polishing everything in the room is precious and not to be missed. Things go on as quietly as ever. Then one day there is talk of Austria and Servia, but what is that to *Mütterchen*? Soon, however, signs of unrest become evident, and she wakes once or twice in the night to wonder if a war is at all possible, and trembles, not for her country, but for her boys. Then swiftly on the heels of her fears comes the fateful word, "Mobilisation"—her country is at war.



"It is a pity, Karl, that you could not be an *einjährig-freiwilliger*, like your brother."—p. 275.

Drawn by  
W. Reynolds.



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It seems to the little mother in the house in the Anna Strasse like a hideous nightmare from which she must wake to the old-time peace and happiness; and yet trains full of frightened tourists fleeing north have already given place to troop trains passing through on their way to Belgium. Everyone around her seems confident that the hour of Germany's triumph has come. "*Deutschland über Alles!*" is on every tongue; but for the Frau Doktor, though she is ashamed of the fact, and fancies that no other woman can be so weak, there is nothing but fear. What is it to her that her country should be greater than all others, if her boys are not there to share its glory? She tries to be brave; tries to believe that she cares for such impersonal things as glory and power, and knows that they mean nothing to her on the day when Hans comes home in his student's cap and goes again only one little hour afterwards bright with excitement in his uniform as a lieutenant of the Reserve.

A dull, booming noise, which people say is the sound of firing, comes sometimes when the wind is in the right direction, and makes her more uneasy and very restless. Karl Theodor's letters from Coblenz cease to come, and she takes it into her head that his regiment may be among those going through in the interminable trains which seem to run all day and all night. She goes down to the *bahnhof* at last, and tries to reach the platform to scrutinise the uniforms in the trains, hoping and fearing that Karl's pale face will look out at her from under a round blue cap. But the platforms are guarded by sentries in a strange, unfamiliar grey uniform—sentries whose wicked indifference to the rights of social position leads them to refuse her admission even after she has told them who she is—the wife of Herr Doktor Max Ganz, of the Anna Strasse.

Somehow the failure of her small design brings home to her the realisation of what war is. She goes home slowly, pale and fearful, and at their door her husband meets her. Apparently he is waiting for her there—a most unprecedented thing—standing on the top step with his back to the black plate which tells all and sundry that Dr. Max Ganz is to be discovered within. She tries to tell herself that it is only the hot August sunshine beating down on his head that makes him look so strange. He puts his hand upon her arm and draws her into the

cool, dark hall with its marble floor. He sees the look of fearful expectation in her birdlike eyes, and tries to steady her.

"Be brave, Conny," he says. "Remember, it was for the Fatherland."

"It is Hans?" She speaks in a whisper, and when her husband nods it seems to her that a darkness falls over everything. She does not faint, neither does she cry; but she sees with her mental vision the gay young life, with its pulsating energies, its successes and hopes, in which part of her own life had been bound up, cut short, and it seems to her that her imaginings of the future had been realities so strong that a word should not have destroyed them like this. Possibly there is no anguish in the world that has the peculiar property of a bereaved mother's grief, something of herself dies with her child, the life in which she was to have lived is done, an expectation of immortality is taken from her.

In the days that follow the little woman of the house in Anna Strasse wears her deep mourning, orders the ways of her household, does her shopping with a tearless calm, because her heart and brain are numb. Hans is dead—all the peaceful, pretty world in which life could be lived happily, all the future, not so much imagined as expected, has crumbled away, and not for her only, but for people all around her—for people in Belgium, where they had once taken the boys to the seaside after a fever; for people in Austria; even people in Russia, France, and England, enemies as they are, know as she does the hopeless longing of loss. The world, as she has understood it, is coming to an end, and yet a vague hope remains to her among its ruins—surely to lose one boy will be all the grief a mother can be asked to bear. Her youngest, her baby, will be spared, and she and his father too, by and by, when peace comes again, will lavish upon him all the love of their broken lives.

She takes at that time to stealing up to Karl Theodor's room and fingering his belongings lovingly. She brings from the drawer where she has stored them the relics of his childhood—his toys, his first little shoes, not worn out because he had grown so fast; but she takes them out with trembling hands, and afterwards keeps them in Karl's room, because in her drawer there are trifles too which speak of Hans, and she dares not encourage the thought of him and re-



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member that his honest, dark face is turned up blindly to the pitiless summer sun somewhere in the trenches before Liège.

It is her comfort to sit in her boy's room up at the top of the tall house, with the little unworn baby shoes upon her knee, and dream of the days when downy heads pressed against her heart, and she was happy, and sometimes through the open window her dreamy glance fixes itself upon the distant Siebengebirge beyond the Rhine below Bonn, rearing their blue line against the bluer sky; and old memories of days when she and Max and the boys had gone for outings to the Drachenfels wring her heart. She remembers the day when the boys noticed the little old round tower on the Rhine bank by Beuel, and she told them how the good stork brings from it the little new brothers and sisters, and while Hans and Karl Theodor had looked at it round-eyed and wondering she and Max had smiled to each other above their heads.

"*Meine liebe Knäbchen*," she whispers, and her hands lock together on her knee.

She cannot believe that those days, with their quiet duties and quiet happinesses that have made her life, are lost for ever in this dark shadow of war. Surely life will one day return to its old, dear routine, and while she hopes she knows that her hope is vain, since Hans is gone from her.

It is while she is sitting at the table waiting for *kaffee* one day that her husband comes in late with a gloomy face, and surprises her in tears. She wipes her eyes hastily, for she does not like him to see her cry, and as she takes up the coffee-pot her hand trembles because of that sudden stab of pain at her heart that has become so cruelly familiar.

"You have news?" she says, and gasps a little as she speaks.

"Bad news," he answers heavily. "No; it is not of Karl Theodor. The Landsturm is called up."

She stares at him, repeating his words as unbelievable:

"The Landsturm is called up!"

"By the Emperor."

"So! That is terrible!"

"Very terrible." He sits down at the table with his elbows upon it, his face in his hands.

"It means that the army is in great straits. Why—why, you will not have to go, Max?"

He nods gravely, and she rushes into a stream of incoherent protest. It has never been so apparent to her that he is an old man for his years, that his eyes are very tired, and the grey in his short, black hair much more noticeable of late; even his moustache is touched with it; to send him to the life of camps and barracks away from her care is cruelty. He breaks in upon her protest.

"After all, I am not forty-five until the New Year. There is no getting over that, and a surgeon has not the dangers of a soldier."

"But you are not strong, Max. The work will kill you."

"Perhaps; but it is for the Fatherland, whichever way one dies. I am not sorry to take my place; but I am sorry for you, *Mütterchen*. You will be lonely until Karl Theodor comes home."

She has not the cruelty to add "If he comes," in face of her man's eager, anxious eyes. Not knowing what to say, the old determination to keep her promise to her son springs in words to her lips without much thought.

"You have forgiven our Karl—is it not so? He told me that he had been foolish—he said so himself. You are not angry with him now?"

But her husband, faced with larger issues, has forgotten, and brushes the trifling matter aside.

"Of course, Karl Theodor is a good enough boy, and clever, in his way—not the same as our poor Hans."

He tries to suppress his emotion, but it is too strong for him at last, and his wife gets up and leans over him. Sheltered within her arms, his grief finds vent. For a while they are close together, close as when they walked in Rhineland vineyards under a harvest moon more than twenty years ago; then he calls back his self-control, and when the time comes to say farewell their parting is as little emotional as any admirer of Teutonic calm could wish that it should be.

The Frau Doktor is very lonely now, and though she may not speak to him again, yet even to see her husband is something, so at next midday, in her deep mourning and long black veil, she sallies out and goes down bravely to the great square where at the Richmodis Haus, with its aristocratic tower, the two little stone horses peep out at a window to remind all and sundry of the

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noble lady who came back to her lord from the grave itself. A spasm of longing contracts the Frau Doktor's heart as she looks and remembers and tells herself that no such miracle will give her back her son.

Usually at this hour the square is still and peaceful, and the old man who sits there to hire out the use of a telescope to all who may desire it has few customers; but to-day it is full, packed with a strangely silent crowd which seems all women and children. They are waiting for the Landsturm to march through; some are wives and sisters of the veterans, some their children, some their mothers, old women these, and here and there in the crowd is an ancient man. The waiting is long for the Frau Doktor, but they come at last. The sound of many feet marching in time echoes from the tall houses and sends everyone craning necks and standing on tiptoe, and at that moment Frau Ganz feels a touch upon her arm. Old Jakob is standing by her side; he holds an envelope in his hand, and, out of breath, he mumbles something of "*Der Junge*." But she has thought of Karl Theodor, and snatches it from him. She tears it open with a trembling hand. There is a sheet of paper inside with a printed formula upon it: the same official document that took Hans from her, only the name filled in is different: "Karl Theodor Ganz," the name of his regiment and army corps, "killed in action in France."

"*Liebes Mütterchen*, you always understand."

She hears his voice still, and feels his warm arms round her neck. Her boy, her baby cannot be a soldier, cannot be dead and lost to her, and she still alive and so terribly old. No; surely he is a child still, and his father has forgiven him. She will go home and find his blue eyes watching for her from the window of the *salon*. She turns blindly, and Jakob blocks her way.

"The Herr Doktor is passing now. He may look. Will you not wave your hand to him, *gnädige Frau*? It will cheer him."

She hears like one half awake, and turns. Files of men are going by. Many are elderly, many white-haired. She searches frenziedly for her husband, fearful that among so many she will miss him; but when she finds him at last he is looking in the wrong direction. Will he pass without seeing her? She feels that that, small thing as it is, will be the last unbearable grief. She forgets her dignity, her position, everything but that he is going and she will be alone.

"Max!" she calls. "Max!"

Perhaps her voice reaches him. Perhaps it is only a chance movement that sends his eyes to her face in a long last look; but it is something more than chance that brings to her trembling lips a smile that gives no clue to the broken heart it hides.

He is gone. She has smiled and waved him out of sight, and she seems to collapse suddenly. Old Jakob supports her, little able as he is to support anything.

"Oh, the war!" she gasps. "Oh, the poor women!"

Then she sees that people are watching her, and she pulls her veil down and creeps back to her empty home, clinging to the old servant's arm.



The tall house in Anna Strasse where the trams pass is very silent now, and it is a silence which will be broken by no glad return. The sound of war, of the great guns threatening and ominous, is very audible again, and it rattles the windows and shakes the doors; but it has ceased to matter to a woman who has no more to lose.

At a little village in Flanders a peasant pauses in his gruesome task of piling up the German dead who have been left behind after an engagement. "Poor fellow," he mutters, "another of the Landsturm; somebody's father, I suppose." And in distant England the newsboys are lustily shouting, "Enemy routed! Great slaughter!"



# THE DUST OF LIFE

Serial Story

By JOSEPH HOCKING

## CHAPTER IX

### ON THE BRINK

WHEN Cedric awoke to a kind of semi-consciousness he was possessed by a peculiar languor. He could not understand where he was, neither could he remember what had taken place. He seemed to be in some land of dreams rather than in a world of reality. Sometimes his fancies took almost definite shape, but again he lost hold of what he had been thinking, and everything became dim and unreal. Little by little, however, his surroundings became more tangible. He saw that he was in the midst of luxuriant foliage. Leaves of tremendous dimensions hung above his head, sheltering him from the burning rays of the sun. He was very tired, and his limbs ached as though he had been engaged in some tremendous struggle. His eyes, too, were very sore, while sharp, shooting pains caused him much discomfort.

Why was he there, beneath the shade of the leafy trees? Why was he lying on a carefully prepared couch? He could not understand, in spite of all his endeavours. Nothing was clear to him, but he felt as though he ought to be somewhere amidst verdureless wastes and rocky chasms. He was alone, too. He ought to have friends near him—someone.

"Ah, Essex, you're better!" And the clearly-spoken words seemed to snap something in his brain, and suddenly everything became clear. The revelation came like a shock. Those horrible moments at the side of the crater, the cry of Roger as he lost his foothold and fell down the ghastly slopes of the pit of fire, flashed into his mind. He also remembered the horrible temptation which had come to him, and finally his descent into the depths.

"Where's Roger?" he gasped.

"He's all right; better than you are—a good deal."

"Is he here? Where are we?"

"Seven hours' journey from—from where we encamped last night."

"Then how have I come here?"

"Carried, my dear boy, but that's nothing. You're better."

George Graves, who had been keeping his finger on Cedric's pulse while he spoke, laughed cheerfully. "It was a risky business," he went on. "When we'd pulled you up we should have thought you were dead but for the fact that your arms were gripped like a vice around Hereford. Indeed, it was the grip of death rather than of life; but it saved him. He's not much the worse for his experiences."

"Can I see him?"

"Presently. Here, drink this!"

He obeyed like a child, and a few minutes later everything became unreal again. He had passed into the land of shadows and of dreams. When next he awoke he knew that he had entered upon a new day. He had no reason for thinking this save that a kind of consciousness told him so. He now lay in a tent, through the apertures of which streaks of light came. His pain was almost gone, save that his feet and hands burned. In looking at the latter he saw that they were carefully bandaged, and on trying to move them they caused him pain.

"Evidently I've had a near shave," he said to himself. "But never mind, Roger's all right."

A few minutes later he was talking cheerfully to both Wingrave and Graves, who had come into the tent.

"From a professional standpoint you're a most uninteresting patient, Essex," said Graves. "No fever, no pulse—nothing, in fact, to worry anyone. When your feet and hands are healed you'll be as right as Westminster clock."

"And Roger?" he asked eagerly.

"He'll be here in a minute. He's been constantly asking when he might see you. My word, Essex, but you worked a miracle in getting him up!"

At that minute Roger entered, and for a few seconds the two young fellows looked at each other without speaking.

"Ced, old man," said Roger, "it's the

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second time you've saved my life within a couple of months. But for you that lion would have killed me, and but for you—My God, I can't bear to think of it!"

"Oh, stow it, Roger! You see I'd nothing to do. These fellows let me down with a rope and I got hold of you—that's all."

"Yes, but you don't know the horror I felt when I was falling, Ced, old man!" And into Roger's eyes came a look such as his friend had never seen before. He could not understand it—wonderment, fear, terror were betrayed there. "My—my—everything that I have and am are yours, Ced, old chap. Whatever I have in the future I shall owe to you!"

The emotion under which Roger suffered caused his friend to lose his own self-possession.

"Yes, old man," he said; "it was a horrible time, but you know what we both promised my dear old dad, years and years ago. We vowed we'd be friends, didn't we, through thick and thin?"

"Yes," said Roger wildly; "and may God curse me if—if ever I'm unfaithful."

"Unfaithful! Why, you couldn't be!"

"Now, that's enough," said Graves. "Your talk is like an Adelphi melodrama. Here, Essex, eat your breakfast."

"If he only knew how I was tempted of the devil," said Cedric to himself when he was left alone. "If he only knew how I was tempted to let him lie in that—in that awful pit, and how I said to myself—no, I won't think of it. Thank God he's alive, but it was an awful fight!"

A few days later Cedric was strong and well again. His vigorous young life and his splendid physique had thrown off all the evil effects of the terrible time through which he had passed, and he was able to take his place among his companions. They were now away from the volcanic region, and were on much lower ground, so low, indeed, that much of it was marshy, while the air had become humid and enervating. The heat, too, was terrific, while myriads of flies of all sorts made life a torment. Still, they had to pass through this district on their way to the Mission Station towards which they were travelling. It was here that John Wingrave believed he would receive news of his brother, and he was eager to accomplish his journey. The awful experiences of the mountain now belonged to the past, and while sometimes

Cedric was haunted by tearful dreams the terror of it all had sunk into the background of his life.

After long, painful marches through a flat and uninteresting tract of land, they at length came to the village where Wingrave was eagerly expecting news. They were now far out of the beaten track of the European traveller. They had not seen the face of a white man since they had left Mr. McFinn, and all eagerly looked forward to the time when they should again hear the voice of a brother Englishman, and feel some touch of European civilisation. The village into which they entered consisted of one long street of native huts. All round them was dense foliage. Enormous trees, with wide-spreading branches, made it almost impossible for the sunlight to reach the earth, save in the clearing which the natives had made. They were not long in finding the Mission House, and the greeting between the Englishmen and the missionary can be better imagined than expressed.

"Your servants arrived some days ago," said Mr. Taylor, after the first greetings had taken place. "They told me you were coming, and, my word, you all look as though you needed rest!"

"Yes, we've had a rough time," replied Wingrave. "You are elevated here, but our journey through the marshy land was by no means pleasant."

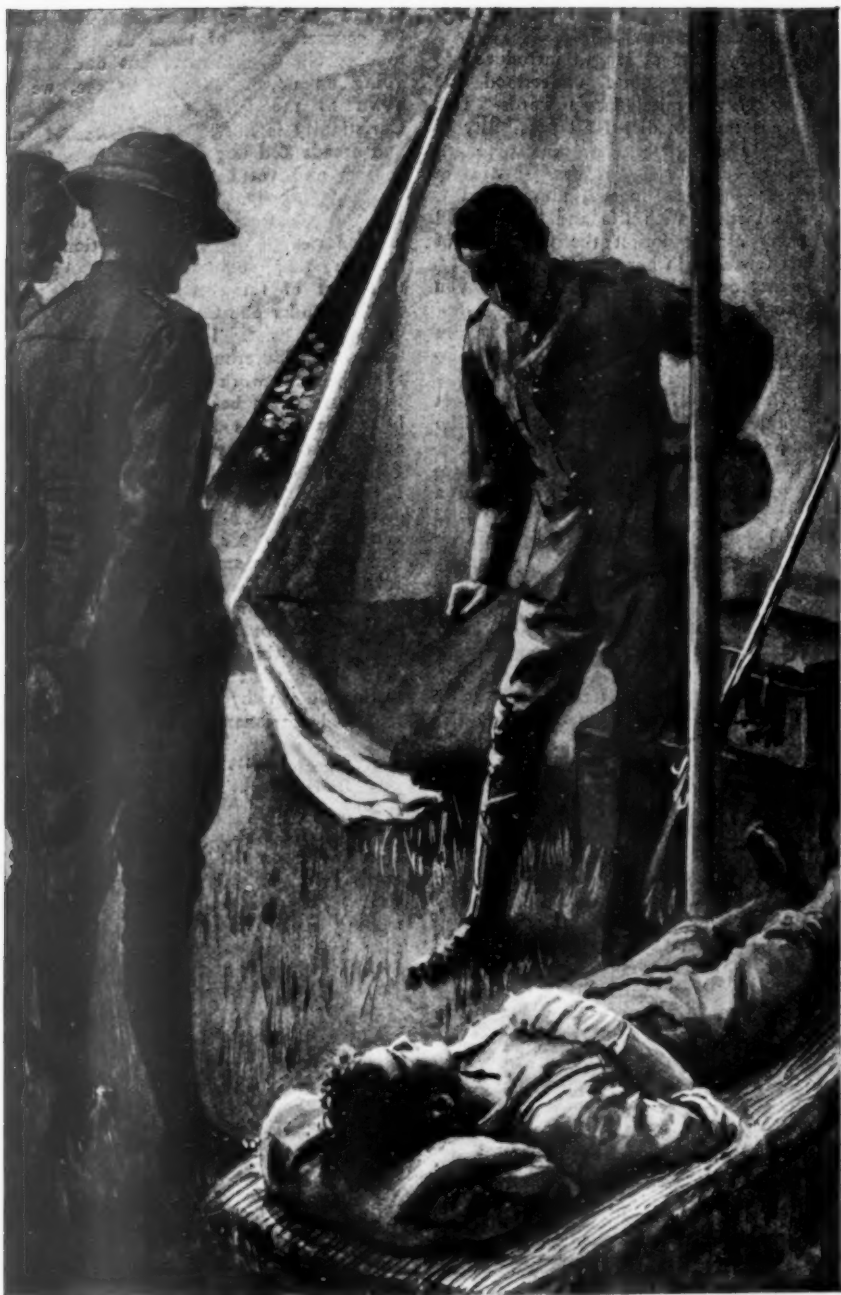
"I know," replied Mr. Taylor. "Is your health good?"

"On the whole, splendid," was the reply.

"I know your people have prepared everything for you in your tents," replied Mr. Taylor; "but come into the house a minute; I must introduce you to my wife."

"You don't mean to say your wife is here?"

"Yes," said the missionary, with a laugh. "She would come. I tried to persuade her against it, but could not. She did not marry me, she said, to live in England while I remained here, and what was good enough for me was good enough for her. I expect she was right, too," he went on. "She can do far more good than I, and on the whole her help has been wonderful. I was seven years here alone, and while on the whole I mustn't complain of them, they were purgatory compared with my experiences now. When I'm once inside the house I almost forget I'm in Africa."



"'Ced, old chap, whatever I have in the future I shall owe to you!'"

*Drawn by  
Harold Copping.*

## THE QUIVER

You see, we've brought so much of England with us."

When they were at length introduced to Mrs. Taylor they quite understood the meaning of the missionary's words. Her presence seemed to dispel all possibility of weariness and hopelessness. Sunshine appeared to radiate from her. Little in stature as she was—indeed, almost frail—she was instinct with life and health, and the party almost forgot the weariness of the last few days in her company.

"To-morrow I shall be able to show you something of the work we have been doing here," said Mr. Taylor. "But now you are too tired. You want a long sleep and many days of rest."

Wingrave asked eager questions about his brother, but Mr. Taylor would tell him nothing.

"Not to-night, my dear chap; not to-night. To-morrow, after you have had a good rest, I'll tell you all I know, as well as all I guess. But it would be sin to say anything now. I'll go as far as this, however: I've every reason to believe he's alive."

And beyond this he would say nothing. The sleep of the four Englishmen that night was heavy and dreamless, and all, with the exception of Cedric, rose cheerful and refreshed. For some reason or other he felt weary and languid. His limbs ached badly, and there was a buzzing noise in his ears which distressed him greatly. Still he rose with the rest, and said nothing concerning his ailments.

The next day Mr. Taylor proudly showed them his little church, and told them of the work he had been doing for many long years.

"Yes," he said; "I chose to go into what we call 'the regions beyond.' To me it was not missionary work at all to remain near the coast, or even in the district of Lake Victoria. I wanted to get farther into the heart of Africa; the committee of the Church Missionary Society, to which I belong, aided me in my purpose, and I'm thankful I came here. It is not the healthiest of districts, and for some years I was troubled by malarial fevers, but both my wife and I have got inured to them now. The work, too, is splendid. Sometimes I almost pity my fellow-clergymen in England. Here we have Christianity in earnest. Here religion means something. The tribes of natives

around here are splendid fellows, too. Of course, some of them are as yet untouched by Christianity, but our work is going on nevertheless. You see, we get down to the bedrock of things. Here Christianity is not a mere matter of frills and creeds and dogmas and quarrels about rubrics and vestments. Christ is not a theological proposition. He is the Divine Life of the world. We don't look upon missionaries of other denominations as interlopers and outside the Church, and all that sort of thing—we can't. We're all soldiers under one Captain. We all preach the same Christ. I should like the Archbishop of Canterbury to see some of the results of our work here. Men and women who were brute beasts ten years ago have been changed as if by a miracle. Yes, and it has been a miracle, too! If I could get some of the English agnostics here I am sure I could soon lead them to conviction."

Undoubtedly Mr. Taylor was an enthusiast, and in spite of the fact that none of the Englishmen were aggressive Christians, even if they were Christians at all, they could not help being impressed by the way in which he spoke. Again Cedric thought of what Issy Granville had said to him down by the Cornish sea. She regarded Christianity, she said, as 'a respectable convention.' But to this man, who saw the lives of these people changed as if by magic, it was not a convention. It was a living power.

"You do not seem well, Mr. Essex," said Mr. Taylor on the third day of their stay at the village. "I don't like the look of you. Wingrave tells me he wants to be moving on. You see, I've been able to give him some information which greatly interests him, and I really think he's on the track of his brother; but you do not look fit to travel."

"I've such an awful torpor on me," replied Cedric.

"Mr. Wingrave has told me about your experiences in the mountains. My word, you were a sportsman, though. It must have been an awful time for you, and no wonder you suffer for it."

"Oh, I'm sure it's not that," replied Cedric. "I was as well as I could be, except for my hands and feet, a few hours after that business. But somehow, since we passed through that marshy district, and those blessed tsetse-flies bit me, I



## THE DUST OF LIFE

have been like a man poisoned. I feel, too, as though my hands were limp: and I've no interest in anything."

Mr. Taylor asked him many questions about himself, and at each answer he looked more and more grave. "I must put you through a course of medicine," he said. "You see, I haven't lived here all these years without having much experience. I studied medicine, too, so that I might doctor the natives. There, I think you'd better lie down for a bit."

That same night he sent for Wingrave to come to his house.

"I don't like the look of Essex," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't like to say it," was the reply. "But I must. He seems to be in what we call the 'first stages' of sleeping sickness."

"You cannot mean it!" gasped the other.

"But I do. I have witnessed several cases, and the symptoms seem to me infallible."

"What can we do?" asked Wingrave.

"The worst of it is we can do nothing—nothing!"

"You mean it's hopeless?"

"I mean that if my diagnosis is correct nothing can be done. No cure has been found."

"It's my fault," said Wingrave. "But for me he would never have come. It seemed foolish to bring him, and yet I formed such a high opinion of him at school that I felt he was just the man. He's been a hero, too. Twice he has saved his friend's life."

"My dear fellow, no blame can be attached to you. All the same, it's terrible!"

"Are you sure we can do nothing, Taylor?"

The missionary shook his head.

"I've never known a case of cure," was his reply. "The thing generally lasts about fourteen days, and invariably ends in death. Of course, I'm not certain, but by to-morrow I think I shall be able to say definitely. Don't tell him anything of what I've said."

That night, when Cedric was asleep, Wingrave told Graves and Roger what the missionary feared.

"Cedric dying!" said Roger. "It can't be! Tell me what you mean."

And then he sat for a long time staring into vacancy.

The next day Mr. Taylor again examined Cedric.

"There's no doubt about it, Wingrave, he's worse to-day than he was yesterday. The poison has got hold of him, and it's found its way into every particle of his body. Don't you see how inert and helpless he is? Haven't you noticed that ghastly stare in his eyes, and how limp his hands are? To-morrow you'll find he'll be worse still. He's scarcely conscious now. A kind of sleepy stupor possesses him. He's just wasting away, too."

"You mean——"

"I mean that in ten days——" Then he stopped. "Come, come, Wingrave, you can't help it," he continued presently. "Brace yourself up, man. Besides, I shouldn't be surprised if I have news for you this evening."

"News?" queried the other.

"Yes, when your servants came, some time ago, they told me what you sought, and I sent one of my people here to a station some days' journey from here. A friend of mine has done a great work there. He belongs to no society, and receives no salary. He's lived twenty years without going to England, and from information I have received I fancy he will be able to send me some news of your brother."

"But tell me more."

"No," replied Mr. Taylor. "I dare not, for fear I shall be raising hopes which may be fulfilled. I have said all I can. But when I sent my messenger from here he said he would return to-day, and he's one of those fellows who always keeps his word."

As may be imagined, Wingrave was in a great state of excitement. On the one hand, he was simply overwhelmed by what Mr. Taylor had told him about Cedric, and on the other a feverish anxiety possessed him as he thought of his brother.

Late that night news came to Wingrave's tent that the missionary wanted to see him at his house.

"I'm afraid I've nothing good to tell you, Wingrave," said Mr. Taylor on his arrival.

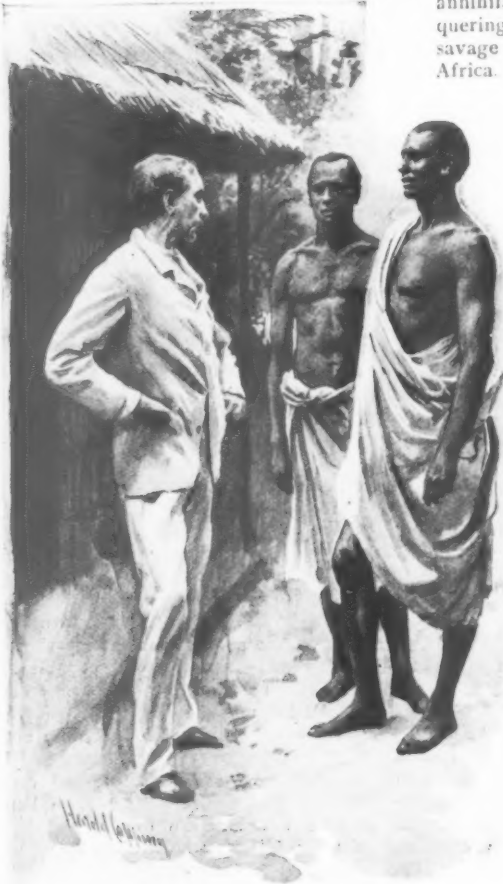
"You mean you have no news?"

"Yes, I have news, but it's terribly bad. Of course it may not be as bad as it appears." And then he was silent.

"Don't keep me in suspense, Taylor," cried Wingrave. "Let me know the worst, whatever it is."

"The messenger I sent to Kamyu," said

## THE QUIVER



"'They call you "Sunflower,"' said Mr. Taylor, using the African word"—p. 288.

Mr. Taylor, "is a man whom I can absolutely trust. He's one of my first converts. He himself, years ago, saw your brother, who, as I told you, was called by an African word which means 'Christ's Traveller.' When he reached Kamyu he was told about two tribes who were at war some distance north of Kamyu. It was rumoured that 'Christ's Traveller' was staying with one of these tribes, with whom he had been living for some time; and it appears that the other tribe was victorious."

"'Victorious.' What may that mean?"

"It means that the defeated tribe is either

annihilated or taken prisoner. The conquering tribe is reputed to be the most savage and bloodthirsty in this part of Africa. Some say they are cannibals. But concerning that I have my doubts, as cannibalism is largely dying out, even in Africa."

"Can I see this man—speak to him?" asked Wingrave.

"Oh, yes; and not only him, but the man who has accompanied him. He's one of Crayfield's converts. A most intelligent fellow he is, I suppose."

An hour later Wingrave was in a state of feverish anxiety. From what he could gather it was believed his brother had been taken prisoner, with a number of others belonging to the tribe with which he had lived, and was in imminent danger.

After the interview Wingrave again sought out the missionary.

"Taylor," he said, "there can be no doubt about it. The white man who has been living with the conquered tribe is Harry, my brother, and he's in the most imminent danger. But your messenger doesn't think the case is hopeless. He knows the tribe well, and believes that, if I went to his people beyond

Kamyu, I could get sufficient help to rescue him. As I told you, I am now a rich man, and I can offer big rewards; but what is done must be done at once. Every day's delay will make a rescue harder."

"Yes, I quite understand that."

"But here's the difficulty," went on Wingrave. "What about Cedric Essex? How can I leave him here in this condition? It would be horrible!"

"But you cannot do him any good by staying, my friend. I have just been up to see him now, and there can be no doubt that he has somehow contracted this fatal

Drawn by  
Harold Conling

## THE DUST OF LIFE

disease. As far as I can judge, he can't live more than a week or ten days."

"Yes, but don't you see—to leave him while there's any possible hope, especially after all he's done for us and been to us—"

"Yes, I know it seems heartless, but you have your duty to the living."

"What do you advise me to do, then?"

"Push on the first thing to-morrow morning. Travel night and day till you get to Kamyu. The natives there are a strong, warlike people, and by means of promises you can get a rescue-party."

"I should feel like a sneak the whole time!" said Wingrave.

"Yes, I understand that; but, after all, you can do no good by staying. For that matter, you can leave Hereford here. The two are lifelong friends, and Hereford can stay with Essex till the last. When you have accomplished your mission you can come back here for him, or you can arrange to send a party from Kamyu."

"Yes, I might do that," said Wingrave. "I'll tell Hereford about it at once."

"No, wait till early to-morrow morning," was Mr. Taylor's reply. "I shall then be absolutely certain. Of course, it never does to give up hope until the last, and I quite understand the feelings you have about leaving him here."

"Yes, I'd risk two or three days, even," said Wingrave. "It would be simply horrible to leave the lad here alone to die, and I would never think of doing it under ordinary circumstances; but after what the Kamyu man said I feel I must go on."

The following morning, after Mr. Taylor had again visited Cedric, Wingrave told Roger what was in his mind.

"But to leave poor old Ced here alone!" cried Roger. "It's horrible—horrible!"

"Yes, I know," said Wingrave. "If you like, you can stay. Mr. Taylor has offered to take him into the mission house, and give you both a home until the end. Then you could follow on with the party that I would send from Kamyu, or Mr. Taylor says he would send a number of trusty men with you to Kamyu."

For some time Roger stood staring into vacancy, with a look of terror in his eyes. His face had become pale, in spite of the bronze caused by the burning African sun. His lips trembled.

"I can't, Mr. Wingrave," he said. "I daren't."

"What do you mean?"

"I daren't remain here alone without you, knowing all the time that Ced was dying. I should go mad—I should, really! Besides, I can't do him any good. He scarcely knows me now—he knows no one. I feel like losing my senses every time I look at him. There he is with that ghastly, hopeless expression. He seems to be seeing everything. Just now, when he looked at me, I felt as though his eyes were burning into my heart. I knew he saw nothing, and yet— Oh, my God! No, Mr. Wingrave—I can't! Let me go on with you! I can't keep my senses—I can't, really!"

"I know you could do no good," replied Wingrave kindly. "But you and Cedric have always been so much to each other that I thought you would like to remain with your friend until the—the end."

"Yes, yes, I know; but please let me go on with you. Yes, let's hurry away. I feel as though the place is full of devils. I shall go mad, Mr. Wingrave, if you leave me here alone. That awful fall into the crater—I haven't made much of it, but—but I think it's robbed me of my strength and—and manhood."

A few hours later Wingrave, accompanied by his cousin, George Graves, and Roger Hereford, bade "good-bye" to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and pushed on with all haste to Kamyu, leaving Cedric alone, dying.

## CHAPTER X

### THE DUST OF LIFE

CEDRIC ESSEX had been taken to the mission house. Wingrave and Graves had carried him there before they left.

"I feel a mean skunk, George," said Wingrave. "But what can we do? You see what Hereford is like."

Graves nodded.

"You think I'm right, don't you?"

"Yes, we can do no other. We can't help the dying; we can only help the living."

"If there were a shade of hope," said Wingrave, "I would have stayed on—I would, indeed. If I could help him in any way now I would stay, but Taylor assures me he's past all hope."

"Yes, there's nothing for us to do but to push on. As for Hereford—well, perhaps it's natural."

And so Cedric lay, almost unconscious,

## THE QUIVER

in the coolest room in the mission house, with a deathly torpor upon every limb, all motive force gone, and with a ghastly stare in his eyes. He seemed to have a vague idea as to what was taking place, for he looked at his friend Roger wonderingly, and his lips moved as if he wanted to speak, but no words escaped him. He seemed to be dimly aware, too, that the hand of death was upon him; and when the party had left him Mrs. Taylor heard him murmuring.

"Roger gone! Roger gone!" he repeated again and again. "And he will go back and be happy, and I shall never see her again—never, never!"

As the days passed on he seemed to try to fight with the disease which had gripped him, tried to keep himself awake, tried to battle with the numbing influence, which grew stronger and stronger.

"Four came and three left," said one of the natives to Mr. Taylor.

"Yes, four came and three left," was the missionary's answer. "One is dying. He has the sickness."

The man spoke in an awed whisper. "He has the sickness!" And then he went away into the village.

A little later he returned to the mission house again.

"Bana," he cried. "I want to see the Bana."

"Yes?" said Mr. Taylor when he came down. "What do you want?"

"I told the man from Kamyu of the white man's sickness," he said. "He is very wise. He was once Mukama—a prince—in his own land. He wants to see the sleeping white man."

"Why does he want to see him?" asked Mr. Taylor.

"He says it does not always mean death. He says he knows a cure, but he must see him. He is a Mukama, but he's Christian. He love Christ. Missionary at Kamyu taught him."

"Bring him here, quick!" cried Mr. Taylor.

A little later the native returned with a tall, powerful-looking man who had accompanied Mr. Taylor's messenger to the Kamyu country.

"They call you 'Sunflower'?" said Mr. Taylor, looking at him, using the African word.

The man nodded, with a smile.

"You are also a Mukama?"

A proud look came into his eyes, but he gave no other answer.

"You told Massai that you knew of a cure for the sleeping sickness?"

"I say it may not always mean death," he replied. "I know of something wonderful. It is difficult to get, but I know of it. My father knew before he went to God. He told me. But I must see sleeping white man. Then I know."

"You are a friend of Mr. Crayfield?" said Mr. Taylor.

"He taught me to know Christ, to be kind, to do good."

That the man was intelligent was evident, and that he belonged to the best type of the African people was also evident.

"Come this way," said Mr. Taylor, and he led him into the room where Cedric was.

"How long has he had it?" he asked the missionary.

Mr. Taylor told him as nearly as possible.

The man counted on his fingers, and then seemed to be calculating. "I may be too late," was his reply. "But I go—I go now."

"Where?" asked Mr. Taylor. Even yet he hardly realised what was in the other's mind.

"I go to find the Dust of Life," he said. "The Dust of Life, which comes from the Water of Life. It is far away among the mountains." And he pointed in a north-easterly direction. "Three days it will take me to get there, three days to come back; but if I do not sleep, and travel through the night, I do it more quickly."

For some minutes he talked to the missionary eagerly, rapidly. At first there was a look of incredulity in Mr. Taylor's eyes, which changed to wonder, and then to hope.

"Go—and may Christ bless you," said Mr. Taylor at length. "Can I send someone with you?"

"No, no; no one can travel as fast as I. I go best alone. I know the way. The sun will be my guide in the day, the stars by night."

"And food—?"

The man laughed scornfully.

"Food I can always get," he replied proudly. "In five days I will return, and if the sickness be not too far gone he will live."

And then Mr. Taylor watched him as he left the house and was finally lost in the foliage of the forest.

## THE DUST OF LIFE

Mr. Taylor returned to Cedric's room and looked at him long and anxiously.

"I am afraid it's foolish to hope," he reflected, "and yet who knows? He's a fine lad, too, a wonderfully fine lad, and he's been a hero. It would be a pity for him to die. At least I can pray for him!"

And, kneeling down by Cedric's bed, he prayed long and earnestly. But Cedric did not see him; he seemed to be far down the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Day by day the disease ran its course. Day by day Cedric became weaker and weaker. With a sigh Mr. Taylor noticed that his flesh was wasting away, that his senses were more and more dulled, that the deathly stare grew more pronounced. He did everything in his power to help him, but he knew of nothing to combat the dread ravages of the terrible disease.

When the fourth day came he gave up all hope. Cedric looked like a dead man. The tall, stalwart form was shrunk pitifully. The hands, which had been so tense with life and vigour, were wasted almost to skin and bone, and seemed nerveless and strengthless. His eyes, although more and more sunken, still had the same ghastly stare. He now took no notice who entered the room and who left.

"In twenty-four hours he will be dead," said Mr. Taylor to himself. "And at the earliest Sunflower cannot arrive until that time. Three days' journey there and three days' back, hard travelling, he said, and he was going to lessen that by a day by walking through the night. But a hundred things may have happened to him!"

The thought had scarcely passed through his mind, when, looking out of the window, he saw Sunflower marching towards the house. Even at that moment Mr. Taylor could not help realising how thin and gaunt he was. He still carried himself proudly, but he was thin almost to emaciation. Evidently he had been journeying almost night and day without rest.

Mr. Taylor ran to the door to meet him.

"I come," said Sunflower. "I've got it! Is he alive?"

"Yes," replied the missionary; "still alive."

"Then he shall live. Come, look!"

He took from his scanty robes a piece of skin, which had evidently been folded carefully. This he unfolded, and showed to Mr. Taylor a quantity of salt, nearly

white, but with a tinge of yellow. A strong pungent odour filled the room as he unfolded the skin.

"This is the Dust of Life," said Sunflower. "It comes from the Water of Life."

Then, turning, he saw Cedric stretched upon his couch, and it seemed as though death had already claimed his own.

"Water, hot!" he said to the missionary.

A little later he had lifted Cedric from his bed, and, forcing open his mouth, he poured some liquid down his throat.

"In half an hour I give him some more. Look! He live!"

"You have accomplished the journey very quickly," said Mr. Taylor as they sat side by side close to the bed.

"When I saw him I love him. He look like Mr. Crayfield when first he came, and love gave wings to my feet. I wanted rest, but I took it not. When the night was darkest I lay down for a little while, but I pressed on. Besides, the Dust of Life gave *me* strength."

Half an hour later Mr. Taylor could not deny that a change seemed to come over Cedric's face. A faint colour tinged his cheeks; it seemed as though his hands were not so nerveless, as though the horrible film which had covered his eyes were being removed.

"You see," laughed Sunflower quietly; "you see! It is life fighting with death. It is like Christ in my heart. He overcome death!"

Again he lifted Cedric's head, and poured more of the liquid down his throat. "An hour and he have more," said Sunflower. "He will be better then."

What I am relating seems but a fairy tale, but it is true. An hour later, when Sunflower again lifted his head to give him more of what he called "The Water of Life," Cedric was undoubtedly stronger and better.

"Now he sleep, and sleep will not harm him. There's life in his veins, and life will overcome death. I go to sleep, too, and when I come again he will speak."

"How long will that be?" asked Mr. Taylor.

"While the sun goes round," was the reply. "The sun is now sinking. When he sinks to-morrow night I will be here again. First I eat, then I sleep, then I come back."

## THE QUIVER

"I cannot understand it, darling," said Mr. Taylor to his wife two hours later. "It's like a miracle of which one reads in the New Testament. His colour is more healthy, his breathing is regular, his hands, instead of being limp and dry, are moist, and they are no longer nerveless."

"And do you mean to tell me," said Mrs. Taylor, "that the man travelled four days and nights to do this?"

Again the missionary told his wife what Sunflower had told him.

"And yet people doubt the power of Christ," said Mrs. Taylor, "and they say that these black niggers are not worth saving. Oh, if they only knew! If they did they would send hundreds upon hundreds of Christians here. As it is, the English come to make money. They bring their deadly whisky and rum. They try to make money out of the natives, and they care nothing for their better life. And yet there are finer Christians in Africa than there are in England. What Englishman would have done what Sunflower has done? Even although he fails it does not detract from his splendid heroism."

"It's like a romance," said Mr. Taylor again and again. "Nay, more than a romance; it's a miracle!"

Both the missionary and his wife, who had slept badly for four nights, seemed to feel as though a weight were taken from their minds, and slept so long and soundly that when morning came they felt strong and hopeful and refreshed.

The missionary hurried to Cedric's room. He was still asleep, but the sleep was healthy, his breathing was natural. The pulse, though weak, was steady, and he had no temperature.

"Great God, I thank Thee!" said the missionary. "I believe he will live!"

When evening came Sunflower came again.

"I've heard the news," he said. "It's as I told you, is it not? See, he breathes regularly!" And he laughed as he spoke. "There's life in him, health in him—is it not true? He will wake soon, then he must have food."

A little later Cedric's eyes were open, and he looked around him.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"Don't you remember me?"

"Oh, yes; you are Mr. Taylor. I feel better."

"You're going to live," said Mr. Taylor.

"We've been very anxious about you; but, thanks to Sunflower here, whom I shall have to tell you a lot about later, you will soon be well again. But you must not talk now; you must eat, and then go to sleep again."

Cedric seemed like one trying to remember something.

"But Wingrave has gone and Graves has gone and—Roger too? It's all very vague to me, but Wingrave went to find his brother, didn't he?"

"Yes, I'll tell you all about that later. To-morrow you will be stronger."

Cedric partook of the food which had been prepared for him, almost with an appetite, then fell asleep again.

The following morning, when he awoke, his mind was clear. The feeling of dreadful torpor had altogether gone. He was as weak as a child, but he suffered no pain; rather a kind of delicious restfulness possessed him, and he was strangely light-hearted.

"I want you to tell me about Sunflower, about everything," said Cedric to Mr. Taylor. "I feel just as I think Lazarus must have felt after Christ had called him to life, and when he came out of the grave where he had been lying for four days."

But it was not until two days later that Mr. Taylor thought it wise to give Cedric a description of all that had taken place.

"Doubtless you wonder that your friends left you," he said. "But that could not be helped." And then he told him of what Wingrave had heard concerning his brother. "Wingrave was terribly sorry to leave you, and had he believed there was a shade of hope for you, I believe he would have stayed; but in all my experience I had never before known one who suffered from the sleeping sickness and who recovered."

"Yes, yes," replied Cedric; "I can understand Wingrave. Of course, he came to find his brother at all costs, and I—you thought I was dying?"

"I felt sure you were."

"And Roger?" He uttered the words almost plaintively.

"Roger went with his friends," replied Mr. Taylor. "I—I think he was afraid. There was a look in his face which was positively ghastly, and he said he could not bear to stay here to see you die!"

Cedric did not speak for some time, but evidently he was thinking deeply. Perhaps



## THE DUST OF LIFE

his mind went back to the time when together they promised his dying father that they would be friends, that they would never doubt each other, always be loyal to each other.

"Yes, yes," he said at length. "It is quite right. Roger did quite right. He could do no good by staying here with me, and of course he has suffered horribly, too. Yes, yes; it's quite right."

But there was sadness in his voice. It might seem as though he were disappointed. Perhaps he was wondering whether he would have left Roger under similar circumstances.

"But even yet I cannot understand my recovery," he went on. "Two or three times you have mentioned something about the Water of Life and the Dust of Life. What did you mean?"

"I will let Sunflower tell you himself," replied Mr. Taylor. "He's a wonderful fellow. I suppose twenty years ago he was one of the most cruel of savages, and delighted only in bloodshed and rapine. Like his father before him, he is a prince of his people—the African word for prince is 'mukama'—and in those days he led his tribe into many a bloody fray. Then Mr. Crayfield came."

"Mr. Crayfield? Who's he?"

"I don't know very much about him, but perhaps he has the most wonderful story to tell concerning work among the Africans of any man. A score or so of years ago he was a great cricketer in England, and indeed had gone to Australia to play for his country. He was

captain of the University team, and had the biggest batting average in the country. Then he became converted to Christianity. Soon after his conversion his lungs began to give him trouble, and he decided to come to Africa. I believe he's a man of considerable private means; anyhow, he belongs to no society, and seems responsible to no one. When he came to Africa he determined to devote the remainder of his life to telling the people about Christ. The African air healed his lungs, but he did not return to England. He went into regions which in those days were unknown to the mission world, and he has lived away beyond Kamyu ever since, never once returning to his native country. Sunflower was one of his first converts, and I suppose the change in



"Again he lifted Cecric's head and poured more of the liquid down his throat"—p. 289.

Drawn by  
Harold Copping

## THE QUIVER

him was nothing less than miraculous. Instead of being a bloodthirsty, cruel savage, he has developed the most wonderful qualities. As you know, I sent a messenger to Kamyu, to see if he could obtain news about Wingrave's brother, and Massai, my man, was taken ill while at Kamyu, but insisted on returning, because he knew I should be anxious to learn all he could tell me. Sunflower would come with him—that's the kind of man he is. I believe he also wanted to see some members of his tribe who have drifted to this district. Anyhow, he came, and when he heard about you he said that your sickness need not be unto death, and asked to see you."

"Yes?" said Cedric. "And then?"

"He said he knew of some wonderful Dust of Life which came from the Water of Life. I did not quite understand his story then, and I'm not sure that I understand it now; but I gathered from what he said that there was some place three days' journey from here, towards the north-east, where this Dust of Life could be obtained. He said that few knew of it, but his father had told him about it, and showed him the place. He left directly he had seen you, but instead of taking six days for the journey he accomplished it in four. He travelled almost night and day,

because otherwise he'd be too late to save your life."

"But I cannot understand it," said Cedric. "Why should he do this for me—me, whom he had never seen before?"

"He told me that Christ had told him to do this," replied Mr. Taylor, with a smile. "He said you reminded him of what Mr. Crayfield looked like when first he saw him. And as he looked at you, a great love came into his heart, and then, at the bidding of Christ, he went on this long, perilous journey to save you."

"And he's a nigger!" said Cedric.

"Yes, a nigger, if you like. But you see what Christianity can do for a man."

"It's wonderful!" mused the lad; "wonderful beyond words. Now that I'm strong enough I must see Sunflower and talk with him. I wish I could do something to reward him, but I cannot. I'm friendless and alone." And there was a touch of pathos in his voice as he spoke.

"He wants no reward, and I think I never saw a man look so happy as when he knew you would recover. He laughed like a child, while the tears were rolling down his face. 'You have saved his life, Sunflower,' I said. 'No, no, Bana,' was his reply; 'Mr. Crayfield saved his life, because he told me about Christ and made me love Him.'"

[END OF CHAPTER TEN]



Across the Desert.

Photo: Printing Craft, Ltd.

# THE LOST ART OF PRAYER

By the

Rev. R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D.

Is Prayer a lost art? Dr. Horton believes it is not, and shows the value of Intercession in time of war.

I ACCEPT the title given to me by the Editor for this paper, but I cannot admit that the art of prayer is lost.

It is not lost, I mean, in the sense that the secret of making Roman bricks or of making some rare porcelain is lost, not to be recovered. It is lost, if at all, only in the sense that many neglect to exercise it, and some have forgotten what it means. But in my observation of life prayer is a greater factor now than it ever was before; the whole globe is knitted to the throne of God more obviously, more verifiably, by these golden cords than in any previous part of the world's history.

## Saved from the *Cressy*

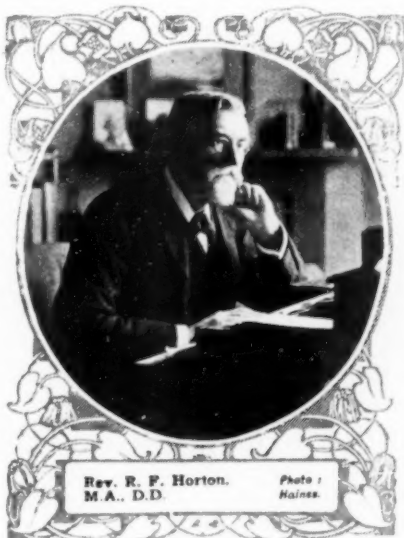
Let me give an example that comes immediately to hand. I came across the other day the mother of one of the sailors on the *Cressy*; she had been holding him in the arms of prayer all the time that he was at sea, and when the ill-fated ship went down the man close beside him was blown to pieces, and he escaped unscathed. There was the fact as clear and unmistakable as anything that ever happens—the passionate pleading prayer of the mother, and the apparently miraculous escape of the son. I know, of course, that scepticism will question the connection, and that arguments can be urged to show that the mother's prayer could not

possibly save her boy; but what we are discussing now is the art of prayer and whether it is lost, and a thousand incidents every day show that the art is not lost, and that it is exercised more believably and confidently than ever.

## A Personal Testimony

But let me quote my own personal experience, which is, after all, the best that any of us can give. I have here the copy of a book which I call "The Open Secret," because it was written to show how prayer is possible for us all. At the end of each day there are fly-leaves in which are entered the petitions and requests of ten years past, and as I turn the pages now I see the answers duly entered. Here, for example, is the name of a minister in South Australia, who wrote to tell me how this little book, "The Open Secret," given to him by his father, had changed

his whole life and ministry; he asked for my prayers, and entered against this name, under the date of September 27th, 1913, is the marvellous answer; on that day he sent me a letter describing how his own church had been quickened into life, and how a work of converting power had begun and spread beyond his own church to the neighbouring churches. And this year another letter tells me how, in spite of the strain upon him, he con-



## THE QUIVER

tinues in the strength of that meat to labour successfully for God. Here in black and white is the evidence which I, at any rate, cannot possibly question, that prayer offered for an unknown man on the other side of the globe is answered in what seems to be a miraculous way.

I turn another page and I see the name of a young man of high promise and great gifts, for whom I prayed all through his school days and his college course that he might be led into the Christian ministry; I continued to pray, though I did not think it right to say one word to influence him in the choice of his career. Every influence seemed to come into his life to lead him into paths of professional ambition and success; often in offering the prayer for him I trembled with apprehension; but this year, after a successful college course, he is duly ordained as a Christian minister, and my prayer for him turned into continual praise.

### "Answered, Oct. 26th, 1905"

I turn to another page, and there I see the name of one who was desperately ill, and beyond the reach of medical help. The name was written down, in order that prayer might be made, and entered against it is the word, "Answered, Oct. 26th, 1905." And then next to it is the name of one who was committed to my care for me to help him to a faith in our Lord; the case seemed so desperate and beyond my power that it could be done only by prayer; and the answer came, and a gifted man of great powers for influencing the world was given in answer to that prayer. I turn to another page, and there is a request constantly urged for a great public issue, far beyond my reach or power, and at last entered against it is the happy word, "Answered," with the date; an answer so clear and definite that to me at least there can be no question of the connection between the prayer and the event. And so the record goes on, kept year after year, and the results are seen in a demonstration that cannot be disputed by anyone who has made the experiment.

I am not alone; many have used this same book in this same way, and have told me how it has influenced them. There are

thousands of books of the same sort, and hundreds of thousands of people who pray in the same way; and, interpreting what I cannot see by what I do see and know, I read the results of these multitudinous prayers in great events that are happening, in the removal of abuses, in the progress of the Gospel, in the transformation of whole countries. Though the connection is not demonstrable in these great world movements as my own inward experience is demonstrable to me, I cannot question that the power I know is working the results I see. It will be seen, therefore, how impossible it is for me to admit that the art of prayer is a lost art, or that it is not used now as frequently and with the same results as in any period of the past.

### United Intercession

But it may be admitted that the part of that art of prayer which is lost, at least to some extent, is the united intercession which in times past accomplished great and obvious results. What we have to regret is that men do not feel the attraction of meeting together in prayer, and they more or less lose the capacity of making such united prayer effective. Here again I think we may be greatly misled by appearances; for I know a prayer-meeting which has continued week by week for the last thirty years, and though the numbers are seldom more than fifty, that prayer-meeting has been permitted to see fruits of healing, of saving, and of reform, which can be definitely traced to this persistent intercession. Doubtless there are many such meetings all over the country and all over the world. The missionary movement has brought into being methods of united prayer which have given new life to large assemblies; the suggestions of united intercession are made by the leader, and the prayers are offered in silence. In this way a large assembly can pray together without the impertinence or irrelevance of long extemporaneous prayers which have been the death of prayer-meetings in the past; and I think I could tell of results in the mission field which show that these methods are prevailing.

Now, if at the present moment, at the call of the King or of the Government, we

## THE LOST ART OF PRAYER

could as a whole nation, a whole Empire, turn to prayer, I am well persuaded that the whole difficulty and peril which confront us would be removed ; if as a nation we could pray, as a nation we could be delivered ; if openly, avowedly, we recognised God as supreme, and turned to Him as the only ruler and governor of things, we should as a nation experience precisely what I personally have experienced in my own life ; I see that the principle works simply :—so much faith and prayer and so much answer from the heavens. If one prays he is blest, if two or three together pray another kind of blessing comes ; if the Church prays there is a blessing suitable to the Church, if a nation prays there is a definite answer suitable to the nation, suitable even to a miscellaneous Empire like our own. I pray constantly that the nation may make trial of this truth, and may exercise the lost art of national prayer.

### Prayer that Sustained

But now I close with the fact that apart from any answer to prayer, or anything obvious accomplished by it, there is in the exercise of prayer itself a blessing which is, strictly speaking, greater than anything that ever can be given in answer to prayer. That is the point of Wordsworth's poem called *The Force of Prayer*. It begins by asking

"What is good for a bootless bene?"

and the explanation of that question is, Whence can comfort spring when prayer is of no avail? The lady has prayed for her young Romilly and the prayer has not been answered, for he has been dragged down by his hounds into the waters of the Strid ; in her sorrow she has built Bolton Priory, where prayer continually ascends.

"And the lady prayed in heaviness  
That looked not for relief!  
But slowly did her succour come,  
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart  
That shall lack a timely end,  
If but to God we turn, and ask  
Of Him to be our Friend!"

The art is not lost, because everywhere when the prayers are not answered the praying souls are comforted and sustained. If the art of prayer had been lost, if people were not praying, and we could withdraw from the world those golden threads that hold it to the throne of God, we should see a huge and unimaginable catastrophe ; the whole frame of things would be in disorder, the whole progress of the world would turn backward, the empty, hungry hearts of men would become to themselves intolerable, and to one another a terror. Let us be thankful that no reasoning and no force can draw out those golden threads, and wrench the needy world from contact with its gracious God who hears and answers prayer.





Ruga-Ruga Warriors  
returning from a Raid.

Photo supplied  
by the I. M. S.

## MISSIONS AND THE CLASH OF WAR

The Evangel in Armageddon

By BASIL MATHEWS, M.A.

Nowhere is the paradox of war more keenly felt than on the mission field. In almost all the fields of labour War has overtaken the ministers of peace, particularly in Africa the arming of the natives has created a situation fraught with peril.

### I

IN all "the far-flung battle line" of modern missions, wherever the Gospel has been preached (outside North America), the boom of cannon and the crack of the rifle have been heard. The beacons of war have blazed from Tsing-tau to Madras, from Penang to Paris, from Samoa and the islands off Papua to the Orkneys and the Baltic, from Zanzibar through Central Africa (where one of our missionaries says "Hell is let loose"), to the Kamerun country; from the south of Africa (where Moffat and Livingstone pioneered for peace) to Salonica and the Gulf of Smyrna, where Paul proclaimed the Gospel of Reconciliation. Of both war and missions we can say they have their centre in Europe, but their circumference is everywhere.

Even as I write Turkish soldiers, bent

on war, are rolling down the railway line from Damascus to Arabia, and passing the little station where you get the glorious vista of the blue waters of Galilee, where the good news of our missionary kingdom was first preached.

### II

IS it true, then, as we have been told by Professor Cramb, that "Corsica has conquered Galilee"? Has "the decisive hour" of Christian Missions been lost, never to return? Has Nietzsche, whose disciples are not confined to Germany, thrust "the pale Galilean" from His throne? Has the Church of the West left the harvest of the East to rot in the fields while she beats her sickles into swords? Is the name of our God blasphemed in the East because of us? Will



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the brooding East at the dawn of her new life declare, "We cannot listen to the claims of a creed of Love whose followers hurl their whole energy of mind, body, and spirit into a wild Armageddon of slaughter"?

Our answer to the questions reposes on two great evidences: first, the reality of our Faith that Christ is actually King; secondly, the recorded effects of war on missions in the past.

### III

**B**UT first I would like to illustrate in a personal way the depth (as we have already shown the geographical breadth) of the effect of war on the home field of co-operation in missions.

It was in a little restaurant in Princes Street, Edinburgh, that I first met that chief among the modern historians of world-missionary enterprise, Dr. Julius Richter, the Professor of the Chair of Missions in the University of Berlin. His eyes, through his spectacles, gleamed with enthusiasm as we talked of the amazing promise which the World Conference at which we were then present held within it for the future of the world.

Then we walked back together to the great hall and stood at the top of the great stone steps that lead up from the iron gateway and the flagged courtyard into the Assembly Hall. The sight, unique in all human history, seemed to authen-

ticate our hopes. Up the steps came the most wonderfully varied body of men and women ever gathered together—French and German, Dutch and American, Japanese and Indian, British and Chinese, Negro and Norwegian. When we had entered the hall we joined in that great prayer beginning "Our Father."

Then we faced together the leap of Japan into her place among the Powers, the awakening of China, the giant of the East who shook the world as she rose from slumber, the seething unrest of renaissance India, the onrush of Islam in Africa, the impact of our traders in every island of the Pacific, the most amazing synchronisation of opportunities and necessities for world-evangelisation that Christianity has ever witnessed.

Now, however, in the hour of opportunity, we have hurled all our forces, not into seizing it unitedly, but into destroying one another. Today Dr. Richter and Herr Axenfeldt (that other great German missionary leader who, not two months before the war broke out, moved us missionary secretaries in England profoundly with a great exhortation on love) are in Berlin, and we are in England. Our nations are hurling shell and shrapnel at one another till the very foundations of the walls of the citadel of God which were laid at Edinburgh are shattered. From sky and land and sea, with bomb and shell, torpedo and mine, we blast to pieces the labours of our love.



Ancient  
Warriors.

Photo supplied  
by the L.M.S.

## THE QUIVER

On the side of international co-operation as between the British and the great German societies, which have over eight hundred German missionaries on British territory in South India and South Africa, co-operation is, for the time, smashed; yet letters from South India suggest that the British and German missionaries there are less divided than their leaders in Europe.

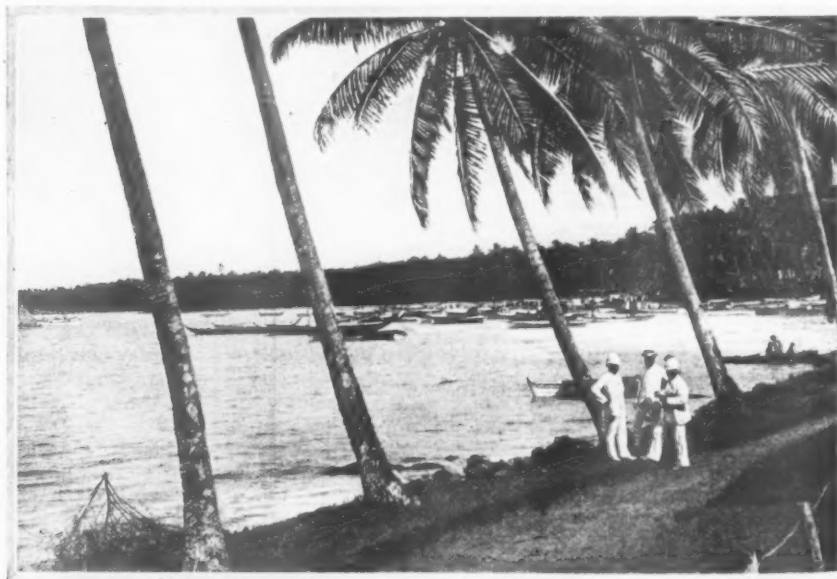
Early in 1914 I saw at Beirut, in the most wonderful modern institution in the whole of the Near East—the Syrian Protestant College of the American Board—a match by the college football team, in which a negro from Egypt, a Syrian Quaker from the Lebanon, a Greek, a Cypriote, an Armenian and Turks, were playing together.

"Surely," I said to President Bliss, "these fellows who have played up in the same team can never go back to the old racial and religious hatreds!"

But to-day the team is broken up, the Syrian coast has suffered bombardment, the approach to Beirut is sown with mines; Turk and Egyptian are looking

down the muzzles of one another's rifles. The effect of the war on that team is a picture of the effect of co-operation in missions. One might write like an "Ichabod" across the co-operation initiated at Edinburgh that phrase, "The team is broken up!"

Even that, however, is not completely true. For, although we cannot communicate with one another, yet, by one of the great providences of God, the chairman of the International Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Conference is an American, a neutral; and is one of the greatest reconciling personalities in the world to-day—Dr. John R. Mott. We British and Germans may not talk to one another through the smoke of war, but we can talk with him. Indeed, Dr. Mott, who has been thrice invited by President Wilson to become the American Ambassador in Peking, knows the men of leading in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Petrograd, Constantinople and Tokyo, and commands the confidence of four continents, may easily become a factor of supreme importance when the hour for peace approaches.



Malina Bay,  
Samoa.

Photo supplied  
by the L.M.S.

## MISSIONS AND THE CLASH OF WAR



Apia,  
from the Sea.

Photo supplied  
by the L.M.S.

### IV

IF this is the situation to-day, what is the story that history has to tell of the relation of war and missions? The story is as full of radiant and steadying cheer as it is of apparent paradox.

The first modern missionary society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, was founded in 1701, during a period in which we were at war with France, when a French invasion was threatened and seriously contemplated. The great epoch of foreign missionary advance from 1790 to 1815, when most of the great societies were formed, and when the S.P.G. itself took on a more specially foreign missionary character, was one of devastating war, accompanied by terrible domestic scarcity.

It was thus, in the revolutionary and Napoleonic era, when Britain was at war on the Continent and when the Colossus of Napoleon straddled over Europe, that the modern missionary movement had its period of greatest growth. The Baptist Missionary Society, founded in 1792, the London Missionary Society in 1795, the Church Missionary Society in 1799, the Religious Tract Society in 1800, and the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804, with the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society in 1813, started their world enterprise for the kingdom without frontiers in time of European war.

It was when bread was 1s. 5d. a quartern and 3 per cent. stock fell to 54½; when King George was hooted as he opened Parliament, and assailed throughout the streets with yells of "Give us bread"; it was when all England trembled at the

vision of Napoleon sailing from Calais to invade our shores, that our intrepid forefathers, while successfully holding their own at home, launched out on their great campaigns of peace abroad.

### V

NOT only have missions been initiated in war time, but in subsequent wars they have carried on their campaigns with extraordinary vigour. The Crimean War in 1854-5, with the war with China and the Indian Mutiny following hard on its heels, strained the resources of Britain. But the story of the S.P.G., the L.M.S., B.M.S., and C.M.S., indeed of all the great societies during these years, is one of advance. The facts of the Franco-Prussian war time also reinforce strongly the evidence that war, by some strange quickening of sympathies, stimulates the support of the missionary enterprise.

The experience of all the missionary societies during the months following the British declaration of war on August 4th, 1914, gives precisely the same impression. In nearly every case the societies find their funds in a better position than they stood in twelve months earlier. Intimate day-to-day contact with the correspondence coming into one of the British missionary societies shows me that a large body of the supporters of Christian Missions are resolved that, though it may involve drastic sacrifice on their part, the great work of spreading the Gospel of Reconciliation among races and nations shall not flag in time of war.

## THE QUIVER

### VI

THE fact is that the British people, whatever war-drain may have fallen upon their financial resources, are richer in spiritual assets than they were last July. Those fatal legacies of prosperity—the frivolous flippancy and cynicism of spirit, the growing grossness and the sensuous pre-occupations, the dissidence and querulous divisions among our people—have all been scorched up in a new flame of devotion. In every street in Britain to-day, the essential missionary characteristics of Christianity—sacrifice, carelessness of personal safety in devotion to a common cause, the surrender of trivial differences for a great unifying aim, simplicity of life, forgetfulness of social and racial barriers, endurance, generosity—all these are more vital and active than they have been in the lifetime of any of us.

When men are declaring on all hands that this must be the "war that will end war," the men with the greatest vision are seeing that you simply cannot end war even by the united will of Europe. Plans have been made for a great armament factory in Peking—a Krupp or a Creusot for China, with her four hundred millions of people, hardy and careless of death. She has the greatest coal and iron fields in the world, and some of her leaders already dream of Dreadnoughts and scheme for

Army Corps. There can be no peace apart from Asia. That one fact alone, apart from other considerations, makes the support of foreign missions at this hour of war a matter of more than imperial moment. In a word, the cause of the war in Europe is a great paganism of heart, and the only hope of lasting and glorious peace in all the world is the universal reign of the spirit of Christ—the establishment in all lands of the Kingdom of God.

I am filled with an unquenchable exhilaration and hope in the face of this new hell, that, indeed, it will issue in a new heaven and a new earth.

Corsica, as was suggested at the outset, may have momentarily eclipsed Galilee, but—we are reminded—Corsica ended in St. Helena; and Galilee, after the dark hour of Crucifixion, blazed into the immortal glory of Resurrection and the conquering progress of the enduring dominion of Christ. A light we never expected to see comes to-day from Christ's strange apocalyptic "When you hear of wars and the rumours of wars . . . then they shall see the Son of Man coming in power." With Christianity defeat has always been the gate of life, the Cross the prelude of Resurrection. "Old things have passed away" in a cataclysm such as none of us ever dreamed of witnessing. We look for His appearing Who makes "all things new."



## THE HOPE ETERNAL

WHAT does it matter if Spring be late returning,  
Or grief and tears bide with us overlong?  
We know full soon the patient heart and yearning  
Shall find those things that wake the lips to song!

What does it matter—the little night of slumber  
Within God's green and silent hostelry?  
With morn, each Guest shall wake! and who can number  
The golden joys that swell Eternity?

J. R. MORELAND.



"No, it is not all, and you are not just friends"—p. 301.

Drawn by  
Elizabeth Gurne Sladen

## A SCRAP OF PAPER

The Audacity of Hilda Jefferson

By L. G. MOBERLY

OUTSIDE the garden of the hotel lay a wide reach of moorland, where the purple glory of heather was silvered by the moonlight. Overhead the sky was very clear, very serene, the hills on the horizon cut across the clearness in a line of soft grey, the pine trees close at hand stood like black sentinels against the silver of the moorland and the clearness of the sky. For many minutes the man and the girl leaning against the gate that led from the garden on to the great expanse of the moor looked silently out towards the far-off hills. Then the girl drew a long breath, and turned to her companion.

"Round our restlessness His rest," she quoted softly. "Everything small and silly and wrong seems so extra wrong and

small and silly on a night like this. God and His great beautiful world are so serene and strong, and we are so little and weak."

"You have such beautiful thoughts." The man's voice was abrupt, but it held something in it that brought a sudden swift flush to the face of the girl by his side; her eyes glanced quickly at him, almost as though she expected him to say more than those few abruptly uttered words. But her expectation was not realised—his eyes that met hers for a second turned away again to the distant hills, his lips set themselves into a determined line. She noticed that quick setting of his lips, and wondered.

But he began to speak again before she could answer that abruptly spoken compliment.

## THE QUIVER

"I asked you to come out here to-night," he said, "because I wanted to tell you I am going away to-morrow, and I should like to say 'thank you' for the friendship you have given me."

He spoke with an odd stiffness, very unlike his usual camaraderie, and Hilda Jefferson looked up at him, a puzzled expression in her eyes.

"To-morrow?" she said, echoing that one word in his sentence; "are you really going to-morrow, Captain Faber?"

"Really going to-morrow," Alec Faber repeated the phrase. "Needs must where the Kaiser drives," he added, with a little laugh. "He has set Europe dancing, but"—in the moonlight the handsome face all at once set grimly—"perhaps someone else will be piping the tune before the show is finished, and Kaiser Wilhelm may dance in a way he doesn't expect."

"Will you be sent to the front?" There was the tiniest quiver in Hilda's voice, and perhaps the man leaning on the gate was aware of it, for he drew himself into an upright position, and that determined setting of his lips became more pronounced.

"Probably. I hope so," he answered briefly. "To-morrow I go to Soldenbury; after that—who knows?" He shrugged his shoulders and smiled, but his eyes avoided hers; he looked quickly away from her and out over the silver uplands to the distant hills. "This will be good-bye," he added, after a tiny pause; "I go off at cock-crow."

So quiet, so matter-of-fact was his tone, that a stab of pain went through Hilda's heart. They had been such friends, such very special friends, she and Alec Faber. She had thought he cared for her as something more than a friend; each day had seemed to draw them nearer together; each day—or so it had seemed to her—what began in friendship was deepening into love. She could have sworn that his glances, his smiles, had all held one meaning. And yet now, now in the supreme hour of saying good-bye to her before he went away to the war, he was speaking to her in quiet, unmoved accents, showing no signs of unusual emotion or disturbance. She, too, changed her position. Instead of leaning on the gate, she drew herself upright, her head was proudly lifted, and into her voice there came a little chilly inflection.

"I am sorry our pleasant time here

has been broken up," she said, speaking courteously but coolly, as she might have spoken to a mere acquaintance, "but, of course, one understands that all you soldier people are glorying in the chance of active service. You are all such bloodthirsty ruffians." She laughed her pretty laugh, and in the moonlight he could see the mischievous flash of her eyes.

"Oh, yes," he answered, falling in with her humour, "we are a bloodthirsty crew. We should be funny sort of soldiers if we weren't pleased when the chance came of doing our own particular job. Well, the time here has been very jolly—some day, when the war is over, we must hope to have a good time again. I hate cutting it short, but I've got my packing to do—I ought to go in and do it. Will you think me a beast if I say good-bye here and now, and scoot off?"

"Good luck to you," she answered, and for an instant her soft eyes were lifted to his.

"Good luck—and—good-bye." Her voice was as steady as his had been, her tone as free from all emotion; and there was a little smile on her lips as she gave him her hand. "I must try and send you a piece of white heather to take as a mascot."

"I couldn't have anything better," he answered, still in those cheery matter-of-fact accents which tore at the girl's heart. "You're sure to find some white heather. You're one of the lucky sort." His smile, like his words, was cheery, his hand held hers only a fraction longer than was absolutely necessary, and no longer than any man might hold a friend's hand at such a time as this—the quick reflection flashed through Hilda's brain. Then he turned away, almost—Hilda thought—as if he did not wish her to speak again, and before she was able to ejaculate a syllable, his tall form had vanished along the winding path between the bushes of rhododendrons.

Just for a moment Hilda stood motionless, feeling as though her very being had been turned to stone; her face was very still and white in the moonlight, her lips set in a thin straight line; her eyes bright with the pain which, proud though she was, she could not wholly hide. The silver world of moorland seemed to mock at her by its very serenity and peace, the fragrance of pines and heather sickened her; she put her hands towards the



## A SCRAP OF PAPER

far hills with a sudden impulsive gesture very foreign to her.

"How can I bear it?" she whispered. "How can I bear it?"

And then with her head held high, and her eyes still bright with pain and pride, she walked slowly back through the garden into the hotel. Groups of laughing, chattering people stood or sat in the brilliantly lighted lounge, and as she passed through it, Hilda spoke to one and another of her fellow guests, smiling a brave little smile—a smile which one woman who saw it, understood. The others saw nothing unusual in the appearance of the girl whose loveliness and whose wealth had made her the subject of special interest in the small world of the Moor Hotel, Granside.

But only that one woman guessed at the trouble seething in Hilda's soul to-night, one insignificant, unobtrusive little woman, whose heart ached for the girl with the bravely smiling face, and the pain and pride in her eyes.

At cock-crow—he had said he was going at cock-crow. Should she stifle her pride, get up early, and go down to the lounge in the early morning just to see him once again, just to bid him God-speed? The question swung backwards and forwards all night in Hilda's tired brain, but when the first streaks of the grey dawn began to creep into her room she came to her decision. Alec Faber had shown her plainly, too plainly for any misunderstanding to be possible, that he wished the good-bye of the night before to be final. It was sufficiently obvious that he had neither contemplated seeing her again in the morning, nor desired to do so. Every atom of pride she possessed must be summoned to her aid now. If he did not wish to see her, or to say good-bye to her again, then it was not for her to press herself upon him. But in the chill grey light of that August morning she stood beside the window, well hidden by the curtain, and watched Alec go—watched, until the carriage in which he drove became first a mere speck upon the moorland road, and then vanished over the brow of the hill.



The pine wood was very quiet. Through the dark green of the branches shone a vividly blue sky, and beyond the shade of the pine trees the purple glory of the moor-

land lay in a blaze of sunshine. A drowsy murmur of bees in the heather, the soft singing of the wind in the pine tops, the occasional note of the wood pigeons—these were the only sounds that broke the all-prevailing stillness, and the little insignificant woman who sat beside Hilda on the brown carpet of pine needles turned to the girl with a smile:

"It makes me think of the Psalmist's words, 'In Thy presence is fulness of joy'—this loveliness helps one to realise the Presence of God."

"Does it?" Hilda's voice was listless. "Oh! Miss Benton, don't think me horrible and wicked, but sometimes it doesn't seem to me as if there were a God at all. Everything goes so crooked, so topsy-turvy. There are such a lot of muddles!"

"The crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain," little Miss Benton quoted softly; and somehow, when she quoted sacred words they never sounded canting or out of place. Sincerity was the keynote of all that she said or did. Sincerity looked out of her kindly, faded eyes, and lit up the smile that gave such charm to her face.

"And some of the muddles we can set right for ourselves," she went on briskly, looking into Hilda's still face with so significant a glance, that the girl's attention was arrested.

"Set right the muddle ourselves? What do you mean?" Hilda sat forward and spoke with less of listless misery in her voice. "Some muddles are not of our making. They are simply made for us, and we have to accept them, and live on as best we can," she added under her breath.

"And some we need not accept, if we are not too blind to see how the knots can be untied," Miss Benton answered quickly. "Now, my dear," she put a hand on Hilda's hand, "I generally speak straight out, it is my nature to—and I am not going to pretend I don't understand, because I do. No—wait," she went on, as Hilda tried to speak, "let me finish, and then you shall snub me for impertinence as much as ever you like. You are being splendid. You are putting up the bravest of fights, and I don't believe anybody else guesses what you are going through. But I—well, once long ago—I had to go through the same sort of bad time. There was a muddle

## THE QUIVER

in my life—and I—might have set it right if I had chosen to undo its knots. But I thought pride and womanliness ought to prevent my touching the knots for myself, and so my muddle was never set right. I was a fool, and I have suffered for it. But that's another story—my story. Now let's think about yours."

"Miss Benton, I——" Hilda began again, and again the little lady checked her.

"Let me have my say out," she answered whimsically, with another of her disarming smiles. "My dear, you are going to let your life and your happiness be spoiled, because a man is too proud and too honourable to tell you the truth, and you—maybe are too proud to take the initiative."

"The initiative?" Hilda looked genuinely puzzled.

"Captain Faber has gone—and he has gone as your friend only?"

"Certainly he has." Hilda tried to make her words sound matter-of-fact and cool, but the colour flooded her face, her eyes fell before Miss Benton's shrewd glance. "We are—just friends—that is all."

"No, it is not all, and you are *not* just friends," the little lady answered quickly. "No, no, wait; don't be impetuous"—her hand touched Hilda's arm as the girl began to get up from her lowly seat—"and don't think me impertinent. Because I am elderly and insignificant I have time to see what goes on about me, and I have seen—the truth about you and Captain Faber."

"The truth is that we are simply friends. It is all he wants—it is all——" Hilda stopped. She was incapable of finishing the sentence, and Miss Benton smiled.

"It is not all either of you wants," she said; "don't let's pretend what is not true. Let me tell you the plain truth. Captain Faber cares for you in one way—just one way—and that is as a man cares for the woman he wants to make his wife. But he is a comparatively poor man; you are a rich woman; he is ordered on active service, and he feels, what crowds of men feel, that it would be dishonourable to bind a woman at such a moment. He did not dare let you see how much he cared, because he was afraid of himself. But he loves you with his whole heart."

"But," Hilda exclaimed brokenly, "doesn't he know? Oh! surely he *must* know that a woman would rather be left

behind as a man's wife, or his betrothed, than as his friend—only his friend!"

"Men are rather dense, my dear," Miss Benton said calmly, "they see a very little way—they go about with blinkers on—every one of them. If I were in your place"—she spoke more slowly, her eyes wandered over the sunshiny sea of heather—"if I were you, I should just get a special licence, and insist on being married, before the man who loves you—the man you love—goes to the front. That's what I should do, if I were you." And Miss Benton rose from the pine-needle carpet and walked slowly away across the sunny moor, whilst Hilda sat alone amongst the pines, the drowsy murmur of the bees and the wind mingling in her ears with the little lady's words.

"The man who loves you—the man you love. That's what I should do, if I were you."



Alec Faber looked round his room with a little rueful smile. Such furniture as he had was sold, his books and most of his pictures and knick-knacks were packed away ready to be warehoused; in a few days the regiment would go out—as others had gone—into the unknown. And he left no regrets behind him, excepting that one unavailing regret which he resolutely tried to thrust aside.

Hilda Jefferson. If only he might in honour have asked her to be his wife! If only his sense of pride and right had allowed him to break through those rigid barriers of friendship only, which he himself had set up; if only he might show her all that was within his heart for her!

If only!

But Alec Faber was not built of the stuff of those weak souls who throw up their hands saying "If only." He had come to a definite decision, as to the rightness of which his own mind admitted no doubts; he had determined that he, a poor man, was not justified under present circumstances in asking a rich woman to be his wife. Equally strong was his conviction, that a man going upon active service had no right to bind a woman to his own uncertain fortunes, and it pleased him to remember that he had carried through his stern resolution without faltering or failure.

There was the semblance of a smile on his rather sternly set features as he looked

## A SCRAP OF PAPER

round the room. To a man of his character there was a genuine satisfaction in feeling that he had not flinched in carrying out the resolve which had cost him so dear; at least he had been true to his own convictions, but thank Heaven he would be gone away in a few days, gone into the fog and turmoil of war, where thoughts and memory would alike grow dull.

"A lady to see you, sir." The train of his reflections was broken into by the entrance of his servant. "I mentioned you were all packed up and in a mess, but she said could she speak to you a moment?—her business is urgent."

"Ask her up," Faber answered absently, making up his mind that his visitor was in all probability one of the worthy ladies of the neighbourhood, who had frequently called or written during the past week, each and all desirous of doing something to help, "even if it is only a few socks for the soldiers," as one lady had said pleadingly yesterday.

The door opened and shut. Faber turned sharply from the mantelpiece upon which he was addressing labels, and for one brief moment there flashed into his eyes a look which the woman who stood on the threshold will never forget.

"You!" That was his first word, as he made one quick step towards her. Then his self-mastery was once more complete, the flash of his eyes

was replaced by their usual glance of kindly friendliness, he held out his hand with the quiet words—

"How do you do, Miss Jefferson? How good of you to come and wish me God-speed!"

But Hilda had seen that flash in his eyes, which he had not been quick enough to hide; Hilda had been able to interpret rightly the sudden radiance as suddenly masked, and



"He was looking deep into the eyes which she lifted to him"—p. 306.

Drawn by  
Elizabeth Earshaw.

## THE QUIVER

over her own face there crept a soft flush, into her own eyes there came a look half of shrinking, half of triumph.

"I haven't come just to wish you God-speed," she said abruptly, her words tumbling over one another in a certain flurried incoherence; "I've come for quite a different reason."

"For a different reason?" Faber looked honestly puzzled. "Please come in and sit down, though I have only a packing case to offer you for a seat," he added, with an excellent attempt at a laugh; "you will forgive all deficiencies."

"I don't want to sit down," Hilda answered, still with that abrupt and flurried manner. "I think—I would rather stand." She looked away from him, and out of the window to the busy street beyond. "It isn't very easy—I mean, what I want to say is very hard to say. Only I had to come." She paused, and for an instant her eyes looked appealingly into his face. "I couldn't let you go right away, without telling you—" She broke off, and her eyes turned again to the sunny, busy street outside.

"Perhaps it is more asking you than telling you," she began again in a sort of desperation.

"Asking me what?" he asked, his eyes very grave, his lips tightly set.

"Asking you not to hurt yourself and me," she said under her breath; "asking you not to go away—as—only—my friend."

"There is no alternative," he said, speaking almost sternly.

"There is an alternative," she flashed back at him, the colour flaming more hotly into her face, her eyes very bright and determined. "Perhaps you will think me unwomanly and horrid. I can't help it.

I don't seem to care. This isn't a time for false modesty. You think it is best for me that you should go away and leave me—as if I were really just a friend. But it would not be best for me; and I am not just a friend. Oh!" her voice suddenly broke, "why do you make me say it all?"

At those words he was by her side, his hands were on her shoulders, he was looking deep into the eyes which she lifted to his—the eyes that were misty with tears.

"It wouldn't be fair to ask you to be anything but a friend," he said, his own voice quivering. "I am going in a few days. I may never come back. I could not ask you to be more than my friend. I could not tie you to an engagement that might—"

"I don't want to be engaged to you," she exclaimed vehemently, with a sudden sweet audacity, "I want to be your wife before you go. I want you to leave your wife behind. And you," she laughed a little uncertain laugh, "you want to break my heart."

Only several minutes later, held tightly in his arms, his face close against hers, did she speak again, and then she whispered.

"I haven't told you the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, even now. You haven't an idea of the depths of my depravity and unwomanliness. I"—she nestled close to him—"I thought there wasn't any time to waste, and you would take so long to think about things, and make up your mind—men are very slow in the uptake. And so—to save us both time and trouble, and a great deal of wear and tear—I went and got all that is necessary—except the ring! And I have got what is necessary here in my pocket—you mustn't think of me too hardly, but I have got it here just a scrap of paper—the special licence!"

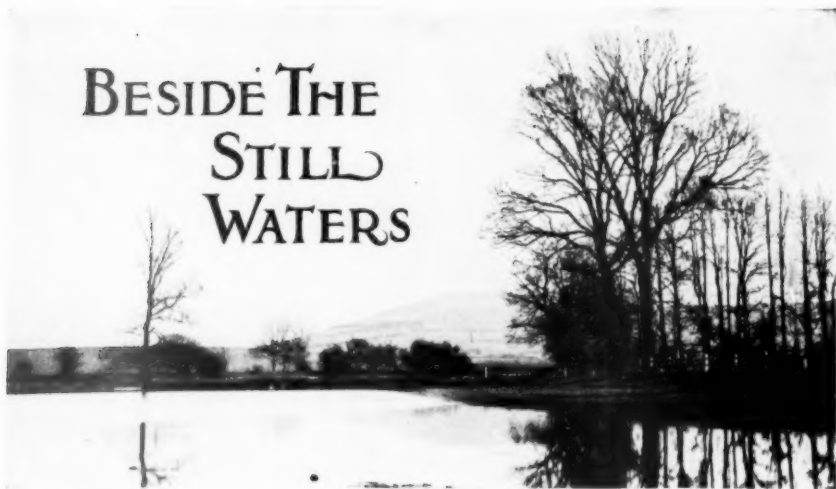
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(We are living in a new age, when things our fathers and mothers would never have permitted are done without comment. But was Hilda Jefferson justified in the action she took? Readers will have views of their own. I shall be pleased to award ONE GUINEA for the best letter, not exceeding

400 words, on the subject. Latest date, March 1st.)



# BESIDE THE STILL WATERS



## When I Grow Old: A Prayer

**W**HEN I grow old, and my eyes are  
dim

To earthly folly and freak and whim,  
Ere the curtain falls, ere the lights go out  
On joy or travail, on faith or doubt,  
There are many things I wish to be,  
Warm and true to the core of me;  
There are many things I wish to do,  
For myself, oh restless world, and you.

Grant that my fingers may not cling  
To the worn-out past as a vital thing;  
Grant that tradition may not hold  
My arms from toil when love makes bold  
My heart to seek the latest task.  
Ay, grant me strength for strength to ask!  
And, till death comes, till the very end,  
Grant me the power to win a friend,  
And hold new love as old love goes;  
To steal no beauty from the rose  
That latest blooms and not for me,  
By thought of flowers that might not be.

Grant me that, as my flesh grows weak,  
My soul may the more divinely speak,  
And draw me nearer, each day and hour,  
To my perfect God in His perfect power!

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

## "I am Sorry!"

A BEAUTIFULLY tender story comes from the University of Edinburgh concerning Professor Stuart Blackie. The professor became irritated one morning with

one of his pupils because he held his book in the wrong hand.

"Take your book in your other hand!" he thundered. "You need not answer my questions! Sit down!"

The student flushed, and before he took his seat held up one arm. The horrified professor saw at a glance that the man was disabled, that his right hand was gone. A breathless silence pervaded the room. Instantly the professor left his desk and went to the student's side. All his stern manner had left him. He had forgotten the other students, though they were listening eagerly. With tears in his eyes, Professor Blackie dropped one hand on the young man's shoulder.

"I am sorry!" he said. "I am more sorry than I can express! Forgive me and forget what I have done!"

Some years afterwards this story was told in a great gathering with touching effect. After it was finished, a man arose and came forward towards the speaker. He held up his right arm with the hand gone at the wrist.

"I am that man," he said, simply. "I want to add to your story that it was through Professor Blackie that I was afterwards led to Christ. Never would he have had influence with me—so hurt was I at the time—had he not come to me as he did, swiftly, instantly, tenderly, to repair the hurt he had unwittingly given me, and with his hand upon my shoulder said the words that took away the sting and made all right between us."

## THE QUIVER

### Not done in a Hurry

"I'D like to be just like her when I'm old," said an enthusiastic admirer of a woman who had made her own face beautiful, through years of warm loving, high doing, and profound praying.

"Then you'd better begin now," was the answer, "for she doesn't look like a piece of work that was done in a hurry."



### If Life were All

*If life were all,  
Where were the recompense  
For all our tears?  
The troubled toil  
Of all the long-drawn years,  
The struggle to survive  
The passing show  
Were scarce worth while,  
If life were all.*

*If life were all,  
What were it worth to live?  
To build on pain,  
So soon to learn  
Our building were but vain,  
And then to pass  
To some vague nothingness  
Were scarce worth while,  
If life were all.*

*If life were all,  
How might we bear  
Our poor heart's grief?  
Our partings frequent  
And our pleasures brief,  
The cup pressed to the lips,  
Then snatched away,  
Were scarce worth looking on  
If life were all.*

*Life is not all—  
We build eternally,  
And what is ours to-day  
To make existence sweet  
Is ours away.  
We stand on solid ground  
That lasts for aye and aye,  
And makes life's sojourn  
Worth the while—  
Life is not all.*

*Life is not all.  
I do not know the plan:  
I only know that God is good,  
And that His strength sustains.  
I only know that He is just;  
So in the starless, songless night  
I lift my face and trust,  
And God my spirit witness bears,  
Life is not all.*

HENRY C. WARNACK.

### The Optimism of the Bible

THE optimism of the Bible has poured a stream of sunshine into millions of human hearts and homes. It is a book of inspired cheerfulness. It compels us to take heart, and look on the bright side of life. Its joyous words are like the immense seams of coal under the earth, which are in reality the condensed sunshine of past ages.

The gladness of David, and the cheerfulness of Joshua, have been preserved in these sacred pages; and to-day their radiance gleams in our homes, like a glowing wood-fire in the open fireplace on a winter's night. These inspired words made music in the hearts of our parents and teachers, and in the souls of our forefathers for many generations.

The Bible has unspeakable value, because it shows us how men, women, boys and girls faced the problems, temptations, and the hardships of life thousands of years ago. And the Bible shows us also how to face the successes of life. Worldly success ruins many souls. No other book in the world compares with the Bible in its power to elevate ideals, and to transfigure character.

W. G. PARTRIDGE, D.D.



### In Solution

THE minister was speaking golden words concerning faith and practice, and dropped this nugget, worthy of wide circulation: "Men do not always live the beliefs they have. They hold a creed in solution, not in precipitate."

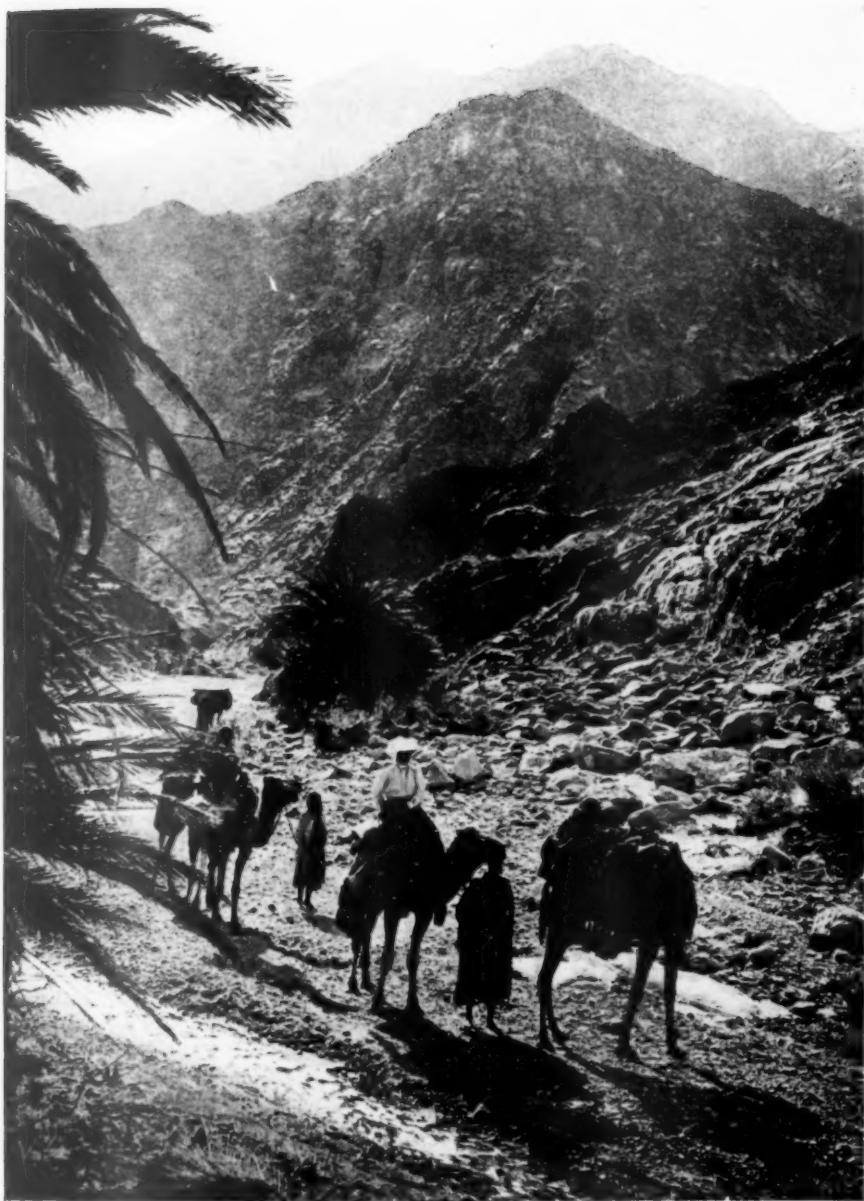
Precious metals in solution may not cease to be valuable, but they do cease to be available for highest uses. And, besides, without some test known only to the wise, and applied by the expert, who can discover the existence or judge of the character of that which is held in solution?

We recall the oft-told tale of the silver cup dropped into an acid bath and the resultant distress of the careless mischief-maker. The master's superior knowledge added the element needed to precipitate the silver, which then appeared to view as by magic. In due time the cup again took form, and the damage was repaired. The metal existed all the while, but it was intangible and apparently lost in solution.

It is true that only the power of the Master can precipitate the "precious faith" of which a creed is merely a statement, and make of that which in solution was invisible and inert something evident, active and helpful in daily life.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.





**The Desert March.**

*Photos: Underwood & Underwood.*

(This picture gives some idea of the nature of the country lying between Turkish Syria and Egypt; incidentally it illustrates the stupendous difficulties of military operations in the desert.)

# PAY CASH

The Dawn of a New Age in the Economic World

By AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A.

One of the first lessons of the War was the danger of living on a false economic basis. Of course, the business world exists on credit—as we have so lately realised. But if people in their private and domestic affairs paid promptly for the little things, the effect would certainly be as beneficial as startling.

IT will be thought an exaggeration to say that such a trifle as paying cash for goods instead of running an account may mean the dawn of a new age in the business and social world. Yet it is no exaggeration. If, to-morrow, people everywhere started to pay cash for their goods, it would mean a revolution, not only in commercial life, but society and even religion would be profoundly affected. An immense amount of injustice and suffering, as well as immorality, would be wiped out, and there would be more happy faces in the world.

## The Shame of the Unpaid Bill

Here, to take an incident common enough, is a poor dressmaker struggling to make both ends meet. She receives an order for a party dress, and slaves away day and night to get it completed by a certain date. The gown is finished and delivered at the house; it is worn and admired the same evening; but the light-hearted wearer has no shame in using what is not paid for. Weeks go by, but the bill remains unsettled; months elapse, and other customers are equally inconsiderate. Then grim tragedy begins to stalk the door of the little woman. She had to pay her assistant; she had to pay for the dress accessories, to keep herself, and settle her rent. Hood's "Song of the Shirt" becomes something terribly real to her.

Stitch, stitch, stitch from morning to night is bad enough; combined with six months' credit, it has often meant the ruin—soul and body—of the unfortunate dressmaker. And what of the wealthy customer? For it is she who is oftenest guilty of this wrong. The injury she inflicts is not intentional; indeed she may be known in her circle as a kindly disposed woman. Doubtless she would plead she did not think—she did not know. But, being a woman endowed

with reason and feeling, ought she not to have thought, to have known?

And what shall be said of the man or woman who orders goods and cannot afford to pay for them, or, worse still, never intends to do so? Surely such a person is a more dangerous type of thief than the starving wretch who steals from the till when no one is looking. The latter at least pleads desperation from hunger; the former betrays your trust in human nature, and is heartlessly dishonest.

## The Deadly Peril of Credit

Picture the young shopkeeper who by dint of painful economies has saved from his salary, and received from his old father a few hundreds, apparently ample to start him in business. He is keen and full of enthusiasm, hopefully purchases his stock, perhaps marries, and with pride and joy takes down the shutters and welcomes the public. In his desire to please everyone and attract custom, he allows credit when it is asked; but he does not realise into what deadly peril he is running by doing so.

Manfully he struggles on, but he cannot pay the wholesale firms from which he obtains his stock, while his household expenses are increasing. In all honesty he dare not continue the business. The venture that started so happily ends in disaster; and one morning the shutters are not taken down. Grim tragedy is hidden behind that wood or iron. Perhaps the stock is taken over by a local tradesman; but what becomes of the young shopkeeper and his small family, who have lost their all? I have in mind a shop which within a few years was in turn a draper's, a greengrocer's and a photographer's; and every shopping centre has similar records of failure.

The curse of bad debts is one of the cruellest that can rest on the shopkeeper.

## PAY CASH

It cramps his efforts; it worries him to distraction; it forces him to throw good money after bad in the effort to bring the defaulting customer to book. And it is all so needless, if only every customer had the honesty to pay cash, or at least a weekly account. Better *go without* than defraud.

### The Folly of Debt

But to run into debt is not only wronging a tradesman; it is an extremely foolish and expensive thing to do. Eventually the credit system has to be paid for, and that by the very customer who buys on credit. Not every tradesman succumbs and puts up the shutters. What usually happens is this: The tradesman, with the plea that he must live, adds farthings, halfpence or pence to the prices he charges in his account for goods supplied. In this way he is in reality charging interest on the money owed him, and recouping himself for the risk he runs in trusting a customer and for the extra clerical work involved. The farthings and halfpence may not appear to add much to the total of the bill, but every thrifty housewife would chafe at having to pay them. The person who owes is ever subservient to the person owed. To remonstrate is difficult.

It really comes to this: if you cannot afford to pay cash, still less can you afford to have credit. The latter system costs more in the long run.

It is interesting to hear the views of certain shopkeepers on this subject. "In two years," remarked a butcher who used to allow credit, "I lost £150 in that way. Now my trade is almost entirely cash. I have only two doubtful customers, and can even afford to sell my meat at a penny, twopence, and threepence per pound less than store prices. I purchase in the market for ready money and pay a farthing a pound less than those who buy on credit. Experience has taught me that if a customer wants any longer account than a weekly one, he is suspicious; if he wishes to pay quarterly, he is not genuine. Some time ago a lady came to me and asked if I would serve her on the monthly account system. 'With pleasure,' I replied, for her appearance roused confidence; but I shall need a reference, preferably from the last butcher who served you.' She left the shop, and I saw nothing more of her."

A butcher's business is specially open to abuses when credit is allowed. Cooks claim a commission on orders, for which, of course, their masters and mistresses have to pay eventually. Tickets bearing the weight are lost or left behind. At the end of a month it is easy to overestimate weight and price, and difficult to check overcharges. One girl clerk, I have been told, was so disgusted at being made to doctor accounts, that she resigned her post, declaring "those were not the weights."

A woman who makes it a matter of conscience to buy nothing without the money to pay for it, is welcomed with smiles as she enters a shop, and the members of the staff vie with one another in serving her. Any little favour, such as cashing cheques or dividend warrants, she readily obtains. Surely this is better than creeping apologetically into a shop.

### Tracking the Impecunious

Tradesmen complain of the great difficulty they experience in detecting the impecunious; so much so that they are forced to band together in a friendly way to form a voluntary information society. It is new-comers whose financial position is eyed askance. Some will have to be tracked to former places of residence, the husband's occupation ascertained, and considerable time, trouble and money laid out to safeguard against bad debts. All this would be unnecessary were the only system in vogue that of cash, or, at least, weekly payments.

There are numbers of people content to leave the weekly bill for newspapers unsettled for months, and they are greatly offended when asked for payment. Some customers will run up bills to a big figure, say £20, before they dream of paying anything. One family, living in a house of high rental, will owe £3 odd, come to the shop to make another purchase, and pay one shilling off the old account!

Great complaints are made of the ruthless way people go off for holidays in debt to shopkeepers who supply them with necessities. Their cash is spent where they cannot obtain credit, and they return to keep the tradesman still waiting for his money. He and his family can do without holidays!

The milk business is practically a credit one; the milkman's round would take too

## THE QUIVER

long, and his pockets be overweighted with coppers, if payments were made on delivery. At least a week's credit is usual; the trade in consequence suffers more than most from bad debts. But the baker's is also hard hit by the unscrupulous.

### The Hire-Purchase System

One form of credit payment, the hire-purchase system, is prolific of trouble in newly formed households, where the furniture is paid for in instalments out of the monthly salary of the young husband. The furniture dealer's interests are safeguarded, for he has as security the very goods he has supplied; whereas the hirer, through unforeseen happenings, a breakdown in health or unemployment, may lose the money payments already made, and see the furniture carted away. Suppose a needy woman hires a sewing-machine or a mangle and cannot keep up the periodic payments. She has to relinquish the work obtained with effort, because the very machine essential to it is removed from her room. She would have been better off if she had agreed to purchase on the instalment system, for then she would have owned the article on delivery. In that case the seller would risk too much, for in default of payment he could but sue the woman. If cash were paid at purchase, no difficulty could arise.

Surely, though slowly, a revolution is coming. Our descendants will look back on the bad old days when a tradesman had to wait six months for his money almost as we now look back with horror at the penalty of hanging for theft or trial by ordeal. Long, very long, have we been learning the lesson of "Simple Simon and the Pieman." For ages the moral of "showing first" their pennies has been told to children in the nurseries, and they did not take it to heart. Ah! what a pity! It had such an excellent moral, that little nursery rhyme.

There are people who say "Do away with credit? Impossible! Trade could not be carried on without it." They are the people who fifty years ago might have said "Cash stores! Impossible!" Yet here are the cash stores everywhere, flourishing concerns setting the pace for the cash system. The co-operative stores led the way; drapers and chemists followed, till

now one cannot walk down any large shopping thoroughfare without seeing cash stores.

Even Oxford, "the home of lost causes," is taking up the movement, and the students' co-operative society in that town is intended to safeguard the student from running up three years' accounts and getting hopelessly into debt. Henceforth he will be encouraged to pay cash; and the habit so established is bound to have its effect in the family circle to which the young graduate returns.

Thoughtful, right-minded people are asking, if no one is allowed in a train, tramcar, or omnibus without paying the fare, why should a lodger make use of a room and want credit for the rent? If a housewife may not carry away her butter from the provision stores without paying at the desk, why should she walk out of the milliner's with a hat for which she has not paid? And why should the compositor who prints a newspaper article be paid for his work before the contributor who wrote it? All these things and innumerable others are inconsistent and an ugly kink in business morality.

The Christian conscience needs to be awakened to the immorality of debt—the dishonesty, the inhumanity, the folly, the costliness of it. And it will awake. One day, it is safe to predict, no man who allows his tradesmen's bills to accumulate month after month will be allowed to hold office in a Christian Church. From our pulpits the sin of the unpaid debt will be brought home in strongest colours, and the time will come when the Church will start a revival by insisting on its members paying cash. In the schools the children will be shown the way of honest dealing, and public opinion will be so strong on this matter that refusal to pay cash will mean "going without."

What can be done to hasten that happy time? Though at present it may be impracticable to insist on cash down in every business, at least it is possible to pay promptly one's own accounts. It is indeed matter for congratulation that periods for credit tend to decrease in length. The housekeeping bills in a well-conducted household are settled weekly at longest; business firms are rejecting the periods of six months' and three months' settlements in favour of monthly ones. These are signs of a movement in the right direction.



By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

**M**ANY persons who are by no means strict vegetarians are quite willing to admit that there is much to be said in favour of a large proportion of the food we eat being procured from what is known as the vegetable kingdom. The members of the medical profession are thoroughly agreed that vegetables contain properties that are essential to good health. In addition to this excellent reason why vegetables should figure largely in the daily menu there are other inducements, i.e. that they are both cheap and palatable. Against these must be set the only drawback, that a little extra time and nicety are necessary in preparing and cooking them, but this is only the case when vegetables are an extra, for when a vegetarian dish takes the place of one chiefly composed of meat, the time occupied in the preparation is just about the same.

#### Common Sense in Diet

In advocating a larger proportion of vegetable food I do not mean that two or three fresh vegetables are to be served at each meal. This would cause the green-grocer's book to become a weekly nightmare, and it is economy, not increased expenditure, that it is our duty to plan nowadays. What we have to consider is how to obtain a larger and more nourishing dish of food for the same or less price than we have hitherto been accustomed to spend, so that either the dish costs less or there will be enough for a larger party of consumers.

There are many substitutes for meat which contain the requisite nourishing properties and which can be bought for considerably less than the cheapest joints. First and

foremost comes fish, which will be the subject of a Lenten article in next month's *QUIVER*. Then there is cheese, a splendidly nutritious and flesh-forming substance, but it has the one drawback—that some persons find it difficult of digestion. (This is generally the fault of the cook. Toasted cheese, once considered one of the most indigestible of dishes, is now ordered by certain eminent medical men for patients who are recovering from operations and serious illnesses!) Eggs figure very frequently in some vegetarian households, and Italian pastes, from the giant macaroni to the tiniest vermicelli, are invaluable.

#### The Cooking that Makes the Difference

In addition to these there are the vegetables classed under the name of pulses. This order includes peas, beans of all kinds, lentils, etc. Peas and beans are often tabooed for the same reason as cheese, but here again it is the method of cooking that is at fault, for the ordinary cook will not pay proper attention to the soaking and boiling processes. Dried peas and beans of all kinds (haricot, butter, etc.) need at least eight hours' soaking in cold water to which washing soda has been added in the proportion of a piece of soda the size of a Barcelona nut to a pint of water. Another "tip" is that the water in which they are boiled should not be salted until just before the pulses are ready for serving.

#### Vegetables for Soups

At this time of the year the thoughts of the frugal housewife naturally turn to soups,



## THE QUIVER

and whether vegetarianism is approved in other ways or not, pulses, pastes, and whatever vegetables are available should be extensively employed in the concoction of soups and purées.

Milk is very often used to take the place of meat stock, also the water in which dried vegetables are cooked. Fish bones produce a splendidly nourishing soup foundation, and when whiting, plaice, or other flat fish are filleted at the fishmonger's the housewife should insist that the bones, skin, and trimmings are sent home with the fillets.

### Dutch Soup

Throw  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. macaroni into boiling salted water and cook till tender, then drain and cut into one-inch lengths. Boil 3 pints of milk (or equal parts of milk and water), stir in 2 ozs. of grated cheese, and simmer for five minutes. Add one tablespoonful castor sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. butter, and continue to stir until both have melted. Pour the soup into a hot tureen and whisk in very gradually an egg well beaten in a tablespoonful of cold milk. If the egg is poured in all at once it will curdle.

N.B.—Strict vegetarians use nut butter instead of dripping or other fat.

### A Mixed Vegetable Soup

Prepare 2 carrots, 1 turnip, 1 leek, and 1 onion, and cut them into thin short strips. Melt 2 ozs. of dripping in a stewpan and fry the vegetables lightly, stirring them so that they absorb all the fat. Pour 1 pint of boiling water over them, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint milk, flavour with salt and pepper, and simmer for ten minutes. Mix  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ozs. flour with  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint milk, stir the thickening into the soup, put on the lid of the stewpan, let the soup simmer for a quarter of an hour, then serve.

### Cauliflower Soup

Wash and trim a medium-sized cauliflower, and peel a Spanish onion, then cook them together in salted water. Drain the vegetables (reserving the liquor in which they were cooked), rub the cauliflower through a sieve, and mince the onion finely. Crush 2 ozs. tapioca, put this with the onion and cauliflower pulp and 1 pint of the liquor into a stewpan, simmer for twenty minutes, then stir in 1 oz. ground rice and 2 pints of boiling

milk. Hold the stewpan over the fire and cook the soup for five minutes, stirring all the time. Season with salt, pepper, 1 teaspoonful castor sugar, and a little grated nutmeg. A tablespoonful of cream added at the moment of serving is a great improvement to all soups of this description.

### Beetroot Soup

This is a very pretty as well as rather uncommon soup. Melt 1 oz. clarified dripping in a stewpan, put in 1 sliced beetroot, 2 peeled and sliced tomatoes, 1 chopped onion, a shredded stick of celery, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cooked haricot beans. Toss in the melted fat for a few minutes, then add 3 pints of water, salt and pepper to taste, and simmer for two hours. Pass through a sieve, re-heat and send to table.

### Cheese Biscuits

These are often served with vegetable soups in America, and are so delicious and so easily prepared that I am sure some of my readers will like to try them. It is also a capital way of disposing advantageously of stale biscuits and pieces of cheese that have become too dry for table use.

Take any small unsweetened biscuits, butter them and place them in a baking tin. Sprinkle thickly with grated cheese and stand the tin in a hot oven till the cheese has melted and is slightly brown and bubbly. Serve instead of toasted or fried sippets.

We must now leave the first soup course and turn our attention to more substantial vegetarian dishes.

Chestnuts are very wholesome when properly cooked, and they may be used in many advantageous ways by the economical housewife. The following recipe hails from Switzerland, where it is often served at the winter sports hotels:

### Chestnuts and Brussels Sprouts

Parboil 1 lb. of chestnuts, peel them, and put into a saucepan with just enough milk to cover them. Flavour with peppercorns, a chopped onion, and the grated rind of half a lemon. Simmer until thoroughly tender. Meanwhile boil 1 lb. of fine brussels sprouts, keeping them as whole as possible. When cooked drain well and arrange in a circle on a hot dish. Lift the chestnuts out of the milk, pile them in the centre of the brussels



## WINTER VEGETARIAN COOKERY

sprouts, thicken the milk liquor with a little butter and flour, and pour it over the nuts.

### Onion Omelette

All kinds of vegetables can be added to omelettes. They must be cooked and made hot in a very little sauce, ready to place in the omelette as soon as it is cooked. Cook 2 Spanish onions either by boiling or roasting in the oven (those left from a previous meal will do excellently), and cut them into slices. Mix them with a very little white or any other sauce, flavour with pepper and salt, and stand in a warm place until required.

Beat 4 to 6 eggs, add 2 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and 2 of milk with a pinch of salt. Melt 1 oz. of butter in an omelette pan, pour in the mixture, beat very lightly till the eggs begin to set, then add the filling, fold the omelette over, and slip it on to a very hot dish.

### Haricot Pie

Soak  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. haricots or butter beans overnight. Next day put them into a stew-pan, cover with cold water, and boil for two hours. When nearly cooked flavour with salt. Drain the beans, reserving the liquor. Melt 1 oz. butter in a frying pan, put in 2 sliced onions, and when these are crisp add 2 sliced tomatoes and the beans. Stir well, and when all are slightly browned flavour with salt and pepper. Grease a pie-dish, put in the mixture and cover with a thick layer of sliced cooked potatoes. Thicken the liquor from the beans with a little flour, boil for two minutes, pour into the dish, put some pieces of butter on the potatoes, and bake for half an hour in a hot oven.

### Haricot Mould

Soak 2 lbs. beans overnight in cold water to which a pinch of soda has been added. Cook very slowly in water for four hours, then pass through a sieve. Make a sauce of 1 oz. butter, 2 ozs. flour, and 1 teacupful milk, flavouring with pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg. Beat an egg, add this to the sauce, and stir to the purée. Grease a mould, line it with slices of hard-boiled eggs, pour in the mixture, cover with greased paper, and steam for one hour. Turn out, and serve with parsley or hard-boiled-egg sauce. If any of this mould is

left it may be cut into slices and dipped in batter or beaten egg and breadcrumbs and fried.

Vegetarians consume more fruit than the majority of other folk, but at this time of the year their choice is limited, for they are dependent on forced rhubarb, apples, oranges, dried fruits and bananas. The last fruit has become very common of late years, and, as is the case with most other cheap comestibles, it is not valued at its true worth in the culinary world. Bananas are extremely nourishing, and many kinds of delicious puddings and sweets can be made with them at a small cost. Those of my readers who have not as yet used bananas for cooking should try the following recipes, which I can personally recommend:

### Steamed Banana Pudding

Cream 2 ozs. of butter with 2 ozs. castor sugar, and stir in one well-beaten egg. Sift in gradually 2 ozs. flour, moistening the paste from time to time with another beaten egg. Add a gill of milk and 2 large bananas cut in thin slices. Lastly stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of baking powder. Butter a good-sized mould, put in the pudding mixture, cover with greased paper, and steam for 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours. This pudding should rise considerably, so the mould should not be more than three-quarters full. Sweet cornflour sauce should accompany this pudding.

Banana charlotte is made with alternate layers of sliced fruit and breadcrumbs arranged in a buttered pie-dish. A little sugar and some small pieces of butter are placed between each layer, and the final crust of breadcrumbs should be treated in the same way. It is baked and served as an apple charlotte. This sweet is highly approved of by a well-known surgeon who frequently orders it for his patients in the nursing home. Bananas are very good when simply peeled and sprinkled with sugar, one or two little pieces of butter placed on each, and baked in a warm oven for a few minutes. Children like them with milk pudding instead of jam. The fruit can be cut in slices and fried in batter, or the slices laid at the bottom of a pie-dish, a custard mixture poured over, and slowly baked.

A delicious cold sweet is made by placing halves of bananas in a glass dish, spreading them with jam, and pouring a boiled

## THE QUIVER

custard over. For a party sweet, add ratafias and little heaps of whipped cream to the surface of the custard. Banana pulp added to whipped cream is another sweet for high days and holidays, also slices of banana carefully laid in jelly which is cut into strips after it has thoroughly set.

### Another Cooked Banana Pudding

Peel 6 ripe bananas and pass them through a sieve. Mix the pulp with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  breakfast-cupfuls of bread-crumbs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  grated lemon-rind, and the strained juice of a lemon. Mix well with 2 well-beaten eggs. Turn into a buttered mould, and steam or bake for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

Mrs. St. Clair will be pleased to answer inquiries on matters dealt with in these pages, but a stamped envelope must be enclosed. Address—"Mrs. St. Clair, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C."



## A CROCHET COLLAR

That can be Easily Worked

By MONICA WHITLEY

THE enthusiastic crochet worker is always glad to hear of new ideas for the exercise of her skill. The collar in the

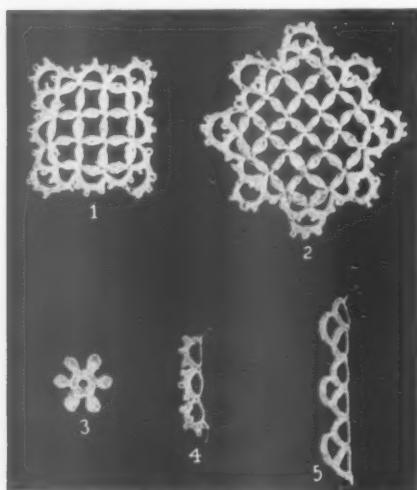
with a sewing needle. At the first glance one would suppose that the collar is entirely of crochet, and, of course, it would be possible to join all the parts together by means of bars of chain worked over with double crochet, but the other method is much easier.

A paper pattern of the collar is a necessity, and this can easily be drawn out on rather stiff paper, according to the little diagram in Fig. 7.

Coats' cotton, No. 24, was used, but linen thread, mercerised thread, silk, or other thread may be used. It should, however, be about the thickness of Coats' No. 24, or the collar will not work out the right size.

### Large Medallion

Two of this will be needed, one for each point. Work 4 ch., 2 d.tr. into the first ch. Keep on the last loop of each d.tr., and pull the last one through the preceding ones. Work in this way three times more, then join to form a square. Now make 3 more groups of d.tr. in the same way; then put 1 d.c. between the first 2 groups made. Make 3 more groups, the first 2 as usual, and the third by 4 ch., and only one d.tr. into the first ch.; 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Turn. 4 ch., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Make 3 groups



Figs. 1 to 5.—Details in Crochet Collar.

photograph shows a rather ingenious method of combining medallions and edging, joining them together with buttonhole bars made

## A CROCHET COLLAR

of d.tr., 1 d.c. between the first 2 groups of the last row. Make 2 groups of d.tr., and 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Make 2 more groups of d.tr., 4 ch., 1 d.tr. into the first ch., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups of d.tr. Turn. 4 ch., 1 d.c. between the first 2 groups of d.tr. Make 3 more groups of d.tr., 1 d.c. between the 2 groups of the last row. Make 2 more groups of d.tr., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups *twice*. Make 1 group of d.tr., 4 ch., 1 d.tr. into the first ch., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Turn. 4 ch., 1 d.c. between the first 2 groups of d.tr. of last row. 4 ch., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups of d.tr. Make 2 more groups of d.tr., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups *twice*. Make 1 group of d.tr., 4 ch., 1 d.tr. into the first ch., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Turn. 4 ch., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Make 2 more groups of d.tr., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Make 1 group of d.tr., 4 ch., 1 d.tr., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Turn. 4 ch., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Make 2 more groups of d.tr., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. This forms the square of lattice-work.

### To Make the Border

6 ch., 1 d.c. between the groups all round. Into the first loop put 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c. Into the next

loop make 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c., 6 ch. Draw the thread through the picot made by the middle 4 ch. of the previous loop; over this 6 ch. loop work 3 d.c., 4 ch. three times, 3 d.c. To finish the 6 ch. loop half covered, 3 ch., 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c. Repeat all round.

### Small Medallion

Eleven of this are needed. Make 4 groups of d.tr. in the same way as described for the other medallion. Join. Make 3 groups of d.tr., 1 d.c. between the first 2 groups. Make 2 more groups. 4 ch., 1 d.tr. into the first ch., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Turn. 4 ch., 1 d.c. between the first 2 groups. Make 3 more groups. 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Make 2 more groups. 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Make 1 group. 4 ch., 1 d.tr. into the first ch.; 4 ch., 1 d.tr. into the first ch. 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Turn. 4 ch., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups; 4 ch., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Make 2 more groups. 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Make 1 group. 4 ch., 1 d.tr. into the first ch. 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Turn. 4 ch., 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. Make 2 more groups. 1 d.c. between the next 2 groups. This completes the square.

### For the Border

6 ch., 1 d.c. between the groups all round,

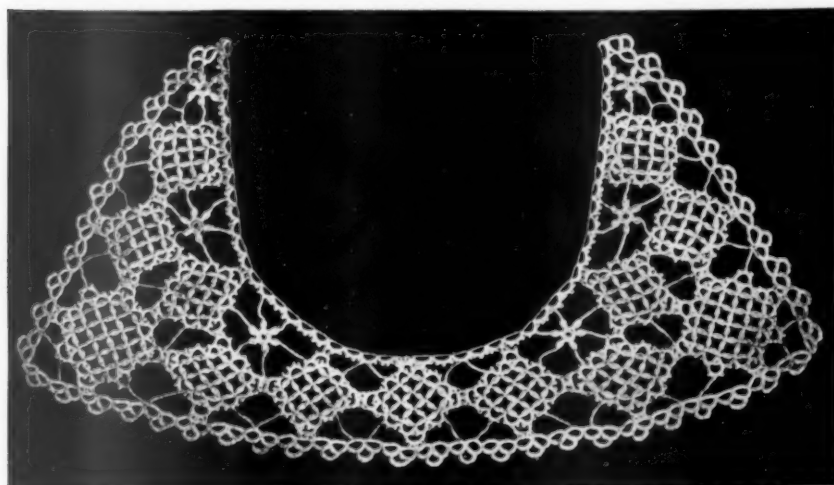


Fig. 6.—The Finished Article.

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to make 12 loops. Into the first loop put 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c. Into the next loop 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c. Into the next loop 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c., 6 ch. Draw the thread through the middle picot of previous loop. Over this new loop work 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c. 3 ch., 3 d.c. into the unfinished loop, 4 ch., 3 d.c. Repeat all round.

### Star Motifs

Make 6 of these. 6 ch., join. 12 d.c. into the loop. 12 d.c. into the first row.

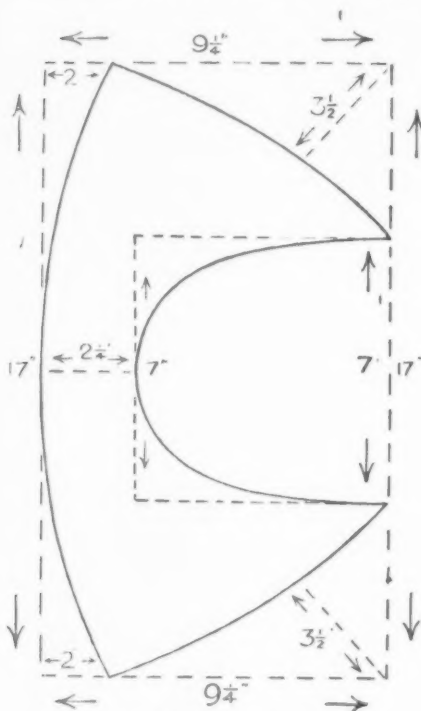


Fig. 7.—Diagram for Working.

4 ch., 2 d.tr. into the first ch. Keep the last loop of each d.tr. on the needle and pull the thread through all. 4 ch., pull the thread through the first ch., 2 d.c. Repeat all round.

### The Outer Edge

Work a length of edging like Fig. 5. In

the original forty-five patterns were used, but as some people work much tighter than others, careful measurements should be taken on the paper pattern.

12 ch. Join in a ring. 12 d.c. into it, 12 ch., draw the stitch through the last d.c.; 6 d.c. into the loop just made; 6 ch., draw the stitch through the middle of the 12 d.c. in the previous loop. 12 d.c. into the 6 ch. loop, 6 d.c. to complete the second loop. This makes one pattern. Repeat until the necessary length is completed, then work 6 d.c. over each loop of chain.

### The Inner Edge

Forty-nine patterns of this were used.

12 ch. and join into a ring.\* 3 d.c., 4 ch. three times, 3 d.c. 12 ch., draw the loop through the first ch. Repeat from \*.

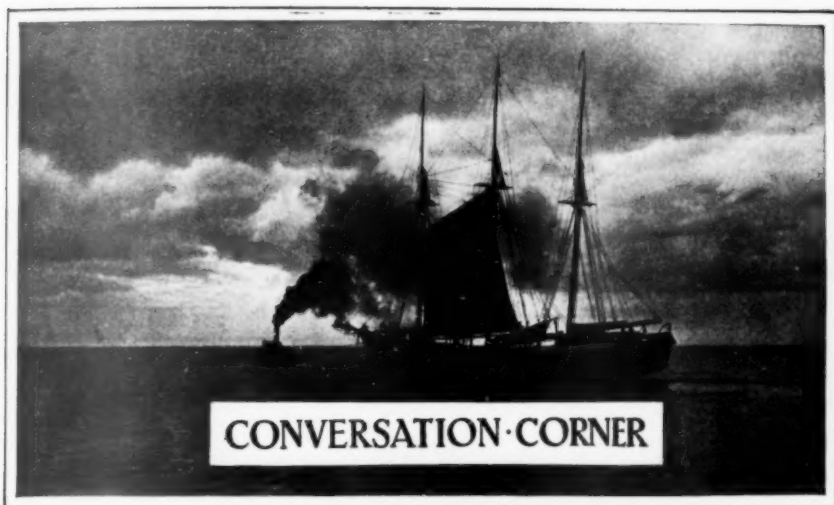
### To Make Up the Collar

Tack the inner and outer edging on the pattern, then tack on the medallions as shown in the diagram. With fine cotton sew the medallions to the edging wherever they touch. Then cross the spaces with buttonholed bars worked with the crochet cotton. The position of those in the model is plainly seen in the illustration, but the worker is free to follow her own fancy about them. However, they should not be too numerous, or they detract from the light appearance of the collar. As a rule the bars are carried from the picots on the sides of the medallions. Carry three threads across the space to be covered, then work over the bar with buttonhole stitch. Take the needle up and down through the crochet until the position for the next bar is reached.

When the collar is finished, remove from the paper, lay on an ironing-blanket with wrong side upwards, lap a damp cloth over, and press with a hot iron until dry.

### NOTE

For the convenience of readers a paper pattern of the collar and worked specimens of Figs. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 can be obtained for 5d. the set. Address: "Monica Whitley, c/o THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C."



### A Martyred Nation

THREE thousand years ago, or thereabouts, a little maritime nation, about the size of Belgium, preserved its precarious neutrality between two great rival empires. Time and again one or other of them endeavoured to "hack its way through" to the heart of its rival: at one time the Empire on its southern borders—Egypt—had been supreme; but the day came when it was overrun by hordes of cruel, merciless foes from the north-east, and one after another the villages and towns of the martyr nation fell before the onslaughts of the enemy. Towns and villages were rased to the ground, the inhabitants put to the sword, taken captive, or forced to fly.

That little martyr nation produced a literature that will never die. Men whose eyes had been seared by the awful atrocities they had been forced to witness wrote with their hearts on fire.



### History Repeats Itself

IT all seemed so unreal, so prehistoric—until the other day. There was a turn of the wheel, and history repeats itself. Events we never could have predicted, scenes we had thought for ever impossible were enacted. And we took up our Bibles and read those terrible words of despair or hope with new interest. Antwerp falls, after its inhabitants have flown. We turn to those old "Lamentations of Jeremiah"

for a fit description: "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! . . . The adversary hath spread out his hand upon all her pleasant things: for she hath seen that the heathen entered into her sanctuary, whom thou didst command that they should not enter into thy congregation. All her people sigh, they seek bread; they have given their pleasant things for meat to relieve the soul: see, O Lord, and consider; for I am become vile. Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

In the stress of a new emergency the literature of an old epoch lives once again. War and distress moulded the life and literature of ancient Israel, and the events of to-day help us to understand the awful realism of many of the Scripture passages.



### The War and Literature

SHALL we not, too, look for an after-effect of this war on the literature of the day? Somehow one grows tired of a good deal of the matter which the present-day writer turns out. Here is a novelist who devotes a couple of volumes to a close analytical study of a youth of no particular merit or worth. The psychology is excellent, the portraiture photographic in its minuteness; but when one had finished, the question inevitably arises, "Is it worth while?" In

## THE QUIVER

much of the literature of the day there is excellent machinery—but no soul. In some directions, of course, it is worse. Volume after volume is filled with neurotic vapourings of an unreal world, with sensuous men for heroes, and morbid women in the place of heroines. It may be that this trouble that has descended upon us will have its bracing effect on our literature; it may cleanse it of the idle materialism that has eaten into its soul, and give us a new note of earnestness, a new virility and power that shall make it live again.



### The War and Religion

**B**UT it is with religion we deal in this number. The war comes as a great challenge to the Churches. What I have said about literature is in some measure applicable to our church life. The spirit of the times has had its deadening effect upon us. Now, the urgency of the crisis impels a new effort. What leaders of the Churches think in the matter has been told in this issue. But religion is greater than the Churches, and to many a man this crisis will make strong appeal. For many long years our national life will feel the impress of these historic times; new impulses, new resolves, will find their place in the heart of the people. If we who believe in God can take this opportunity, wisely and discreetly, to turn the thoughts of the nation away from the material to the spiritual we may yet have cause to thank God for His providence in these times.



### Things that Hurt

**S**OME people may think all this too optimistic. And there is another side about which we need to be on our guard. The crisis may indirectly produce good results; but, for all that, war is hell. Nobody need be proud that we are at war; still less need we be proud of some of the manifestations of petty hate and the spirit of revenge that are almost inevitable at a time like this. We British have the reputation of "fighting clean," and when the war is over we shall all be rather ashamed of the ridiculous "spy mania," and the petty persecutions that some of the strangers within our gates who happened to be "alien enemies" have had to endure. All the

more creditable it is that there has been found one at least of our great religious bodies ready and willing to succour those who through no fault of their own are classed as "enemies"—the Society of Friends by its Emergency Committee for the Relief of Alien Enemies in Distress has done something to preserve our Christian name and reputation.



### Peace

**F**OR the rest, we are all longing and praying for the hour when peace shall again enfold the nations. We have tried to think that this is "the war that will end war." Would that we could believe so! But war breeds war, not peace. This year we celebrate the centenary of Waterloo. But Waterloo and the patchwork peace that followed it led to the wars of the nineteenth century. And this great war is the outcome of the war of 1870. No, Satan will not drive out Satan, and we need more and more the spirit of Jesus Christ, for only by the governance of His Spirit will wars be made to cease on the earth, and universal peace reign.



### The Belgian Royal Family

**I**N April King Albert of Belgium celebrates his fortieth birthday. In anticipation of that event an article on "The Belgian Royal Family," to appear in my next issue, will be appropriate. It is written by M. Antoine Borboux, Member of the Belgian Parliament, and will be fully illustrated.



### About Ourselves

**I** AM glad that we are able once again to resume our normal number of pages in THE QUIVER. It must not be presumed from that that everything is normal! In spite of a reduction in the high price of paper ruling when war first broke out, it will now cost our publishers over £25 a month more than pre-war times on the paper bill alone. The fact that, notwithstanding this, we are able to resume the ordinary size is due largely to the loyalty of our readers, who, throughout this crisis, have kept the circulation normal.

*The Editor*





# LOVE "DOWN OUR WAY"

A Devon Idyl

By ELINOR COLERIDGE

NESTLING under the Devon hills you will find our village.

And hills are half-grown mountains down in Devon, so the straggling hamlet of thatched and ivy-covered cots is entirely hidden, and, except to those who dwell therein, is almost out of ken.

But things happen down our way—crowds of things—and some, by reason of the sweet simplicity, which keeps them close in touch with God and Heaven, are worthy of recording.

By proper rights I may not say *our* way, as I was neither born nor bred there, and according to its people's firm belief, and changeless rule, outsiders are all "furriners."

Off and on, I have spent a long time among them, and have seen and learnt much, in their little world of some two hundred souls or so.

As in every place in every living land, "love is stronger than death" down our way; and I have spelled out real romances in most humdrum lives.

Some years ago—near a score, maybe—I was there in lambing time.

Staying at a farm I often tramped to "hill-top" to see mine host's fine flock. It was that way I got to know Shepherd Jan. I think I never met a man who spoke so little—and he seemed to listen less. Yet we became the firmest friends.

To win the approval of these difficult, dear souls was ay a joy to me, and when Jan lurched forward to meet me (his dull and heavy face lit up with something like a smile) I felt I'd won a feather for my cap.

One Sunday morning, to my complete surprise, the shepherd sat in church. With well-oiled head, polished face, and half-dazed, blank expression, he sat bolt upright in the middle of an empty pew.

When the worn old rector, in regulation drowsy tones, drawled out the banns, to my astonishment—almost concern—the first name called was Jan's. In sleepy monotones the matrimonial banns were "cried" be-

tween John Moore, bachelor, and Jenifer Grey, spinster.

Any doubt I felt as to its being Shepherd Jan was quite dispelled by a glance in his direction—perspiration, apparently combined with misery, was pouring from his countenance.

All chance of benefit from the sermon was completely lost to me, as my every thought was busy in wondering who and where was Jenifer Grey.

On my way home after service I caught up with Jan. In spite of freckled face, bony form, and hair of startling red, he, in his shepherd's smock and garb, looked strictly picturesque, but now, in shrunken garments of forgotten fashion—bought cheap at an ancient harvest sale—Jan looked, to say the least, appalling.

This time no smile of greeting, no pretence of welcome—Jan was shy as well as glum; holding out my hand I said, "Congratulations, Shepherd! So you are to be married, then? Sly dog to keep me in the dark."

Still void of smile Jan bluffly said, "Nought to brag about, us reckon, two to kape—chance more—'stead o' one. 'Tis maister's work, he got cottage ready and all, and he tell me he want a married man 'stead of chap in houze, and so as not to lose the job, us be going to wed."

Then I learnt that, much against the grain, he was again to "face the music" on the next two Sundays, it being considered "tempting luck, down these parts, to turn tail on your awn banns."

I also gathered that Jenifer Grey lived in a parish five miles off, that she was "a likely maid, and workish, could put her hand to any chore, and hap would earn her mait."

Not one word of love or pride. Now I knew this was the manner of swains "down our way"—to hide all trace of sentiment they thought it meet to assume a callous, careless air. Still I felt vexed with Jan, and life seemed out of tune. I was eager for a love tale, a pastoral romance, and this looked as unideal and passionless as a

## THE QUIVER

Mayfair matrimonial deal; and at discord with our village.



They wed before the month was out, and I watched them leave the church. I glanced at Jan in his antiquated suit, with headgear out of date. He was gauche and shy as ever, but he could not hide the lovelight in his wide-set eyes; they threw forth gleams of radiancy, against their owner's will.

And then I gazed at Jenifer, and I gazed and wondered—and wondered more, and gazed again.

I saw a willowy slip of a girl in a washed white cotton frock. Her hair like golden wheat, just ripe, made a halo in the sun. Rose tints fluttered on her cheeks, and her blue eyes spelled trust and joy as she smiled into the other's face. And I saw that she loved Jan; and I knew that the man knew it; and I wondered not at his radiancy—but I marvelled at his luck.



The next week I left our village, and saw it no more for ten long years.

Often I thought of Shepherd Jan and his sweet girl-wife, hoping he had made her happy.



'Tis startling what little change one sees in sleepy country places even after many years. But that the young ones were growing up, and the old were gone, all seemed much the same when I returned "down Devon way."

I arrived late on Saturday night, too late to look up old friends.

On the Sunday morning I climbed the hill to see the ewes and lambs; and a new shepherd was tending them.

And then I went to church. I had not been seated long when in walked my old-time friend. Jan—a glorified Jan—trod up the aisle; his clothes were good and new, his gait was smarter, and his frame less lean.

On either side he led a little lad, black-eyed, dark-haired—bright red of cheek and stout of limb. Wonder-struck I looked—there was semblance of neither Jan nor Jenifer. He treated them as a father would, attending to their needs and manners.

But I saw his thoughts were roving, and I followed his eyes to the chancel, to a group

of children in the singers' pew. And I saw a little girl of nine, or thereabouts, with hair like ripening corn, and eyes like bluest blossoms, and a smile—when she looked at Jan—like Jenifer's had been.

And I knew it was Jenifer's child and his, on whom his gaze shone soft.



The next evening I had a fancy to stroll through "God's Garden," where the tired and suffering had been laid to rest. And I saw Jan bending over a primrose-covered grave, and by his side was the little girl like Jenifer.

My voice faltered as I said, "Jan, do you remember me?"

"Ees, us reckon, maister," he quickly said, "us bain't the man to forgit old days, and glad us be to see ee back."

"And how has the world treated you, Jan?" I asked.

"Middlin', maister, us reckon—middlin'; us bain't the wan to complain—but Jenifer—her lies here. Us lost her seven year ago, when little maid was two—this be Jenifer's little maid, maister."

I assured him this needed no telling, and I asked about the boys.

"They be mine, too," said Jan, "and brave, peart young rogues they be—but they bain't Jenifer's. 'Twas like this here, maister; when Jenifer died us was cruel lonesome and wisht, and us was awkward-like with little maid and all. And just then Josiah Jenkins, down to shop, he died, and left his wife a widdy, with neither chick nor chiel.

"Well, time passed along, and her wanted a man to do her chores and things, and her took a fancy to me—and her thought her may so well to marry me—and so her did, and us gived up shepherding.

"And missus, her doos middlin' well by little maid and me. And the boys be brave and peart, and there's a babby down home, another little maid—but her bain't Jenifer's."

"Do you often come to see her grave?" I asked.

"Ees, so often as us can, and then us weeds and doos a bit of watering. Us was watering the primroses when you come along. Jenifer loved thick flowers. Little maid and me—us should come oftener, if it worn't for missus down home, her dawn't hold wi' tendin' graves. When her wants us, her always do know where us be."

## LOVE "DOWN OUR WAY"

"You have not put a headstone yet, Jan."

"Not eet, maister—missus, her dawn't hold wi' spending money on sich-like—but if her should hap to die—the first thing little maid and me would do would be to put up a brave, fine stone, all of snaw-white marvel wi' golden lettering for Jenifer. Missus, her got a mort of money laid by, but her dawn't keer about putting it out on a gravestone."

"So the little girl is called Jenifer?" I said.

"Ees, fai' her be, maister, 'tis the bootifullest name us do know, but missus—her dawn't take to it—so us always calls little maid Jinny, down to home—but her be vather's little Jenifer up-long here, bain't ee, my pretty?"

"I be always father's little Jenifer," smiled back the child. "But here come the boys, father," she added quickly, and she slipped the cracked "cloam" jug, with which they had been watering, behind a stone, where I saw an old tub, half full of water, hidden.

By this time the sturdy little lads could be heard shouting lustily, "Muyver wants farver to shut shop, and Jinny, her must come down home to mind the babby."

"Ees, sure, my dears, us be comin' dreckly minute," Jan called out loudly—then he said softly to the little girl, "Run away home long, vather's pretty maid; better not keep mawther waitin'." And his heavy hand was as gentle as a falling petal as he patted her shining curls.

"Well, good-bye, friend Jan," I said, almost sadly. "I wish you luck, and I am glad to see you better off."

"Well, 'tis like this here, maister, 'tis the



"I watched them leave the church."

Drawn by  
A. Gilbert.

way you look to it. Us be well-houzed, and us got good clothes to back, and us dawn't know the want of a male's mait, but whether us be better off, well, that's the way you look to it. Us hadn' got much to do wi' when Jenifer was here, but her was a rare wan to love—and you be a man, maister—you knows that a woman's love, it do make up won'erful for the lack of most things."

Then, choking a sigh, Jan swung Dicky to his shoulder, and took the hand of little Jan, saying, "Us must cut along down home, my little dears, else mawther will know the reason why."

Then he whispered back to me, "They be peart, sure 'nough, and so sharp's a pair of gimlets—but they bain't Jenifer's."

# CHAPLAINS UNDER FIRE

War Work of the Colonial and Continental Church Society

THE many-sided character of the work of the Colonial and Continental Church Society has never been so abundantly manifest as now. In the towns which have borne all the brunt of the recent fighting in the north of France and Belgium, there are English communities ministered to by the chaplains of this society. These men have remained at their posts, in the midst of danger, ministering to the poorer English who could not afford to escape, and to the sick and wounded of the army.

One chaplain is shut up in Brussels, by accident the only British chaplain there. Another has remained in Lille during its successive occupations by the Germans and the French. Close by, at Croix, a third ministers patiently to his flock.

At Chantilly the Rev. H. W. Armstrong had a narrow escape from death at the hands of a German officer. At Compiègne the Rev. C. S. Painter has laboured on in spite of the German advance and retreat.

In Paris the Rev. A. S. V. Blunt and two assistant clergy have been indefatigable in visiting the British wounded.

These are but examples of what the society is doing on the Continent. In East Africa one of its chaplains is with the forces endeavouring to drive off the German invaders. In South Africa the recent raid

went through the huge parish of another agent of the society.

Meanwhile the work of the society in Western Canada goes on. Some few of the divinity students in training have volunteered for the front, and with them are three sons of Principal Lloyd. The failure of the harvest in a great part of Western Canada has caused much distress. Many of the settlers will have to be fed by the Government during the winter, and supplied with seed-corn for next spring. They are accordingly, not in a position to maintain the clergy, and the call upon the society's funds will, therefore, be greater than ever. The society's desire to establish Bush Missions in the great newly irrigated districts of Australia is much hindered by the lack of funds.

At a time when we owe so much to the splendid loyalty of Canadians and Australians, the work of a society which labours amongst the newer settlements of these great dominions should appeal most strongly to the British public; and still more when to these great claims is added the splendid heroism of men labouring amongst the poorer British on the Continent. The society is in grievous straits at the present time, and much of this most necessary work will be curtailed if means are not supplied.



WHAT is to become of the motherless children of reservists who are now fighting for their King and country at the front? We think we have done our duty when we have subscribed to the great national funds, but often it is the permanently running institution that is peculiarly fitted for dealing with cases such as these.

The National Children's Home, founded by Dr. Stephenson, has been doing splendid work, and offers a welcome to the orphans of our brave soldiers and sailors who die in the service of their country.

Unfortunately, the war has seriously reduced the income of this society, and a very urgent appeal is being made for help to clothe and feed the 2,250 orphan, destitute and afflicted children now in the care of the Home. Remittances addressed to the Editor will be forwarded.

The Rev. Geo. Twentyman is doing a splendid work in the very crowded parish of St. John's, Hoxton, but is much hampered by want of funds.

Will our readers help in this really useful work?



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**"LANCET" Report, Oct. 24, 1914.**

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# The COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Conducted by ALISON

Motto "By Love Serve One Another"

How, When and  
Where Corner,  
February, 1915.

**MY DEAR COMRADES—BOYS AND GIRLS,**—During the days of pressure in the autumn I had to hold over several letters which I knew you would specially like to see. We will open them first this month.

Here is one from South Africa. It included a gift for the Violet Fund.

ARTHUR L. GOLDSCHMIDT (Cape Province) says:

"You asked me to write and tell you all about our garden. During the last holidays we (that is, myself and two friends) erected a tent in it, and had a camp-life holiday. I have a dog, a small fox terrier, and he was our watch-dog. One night we decided to have a midnight feast, and punctually to the minute the alarm sounded, then for the next hour we were enjoying sweets, ginger beer, etc. We have a tennis court, and it is jolly asking friends and having tournaments. Our fruit garden is fairly large, and when fruit is ripe we are frequently visited by midnight marauders. It is very hot here in summer, and one does not know what to do. I have my bed outside on the balcony, and sleep out. It is awfully jolly. Our school is a good way from our house, but fortunately I have a bike, so I don't find it such hard work. I belong to a club known as the 'India Club.' We meet in the garden, and have grand capers. — is quite a pretty place. It is laid out in the shape of a hexagon. There are many trees about which improves it for the summer months. The most important feature is the glorious water supply. It is one of the best in the Cape Province. The climate is very healthy here, and many invalids come for their health. . . . Every society here is working hard for the War Relief Fund. Most money is got in the way of Patriotic Concerts, etc. When our Defence Force was called out it created a considerable amount of interest. I am enclosing 2s. 6d. towards your Fund.—I remain, yours sincerely, ARTHUR L. GOLDSCHMIDT."

Next comes this interesting letter from Norway:

"DEAR ALISON,—I was so pleased to see my letter in THE QUIVER. I had been looking out for it: thank you so much for putting it in. We have now laid up the 'Red Cross' for the winter, and are living at S—. You see I am still here, as I have not been able to get home because of this terrible war. I have earned a little money which you shall have when I get home, and I am hoping to earn some more. We are having very bad weather just now, a great deal of rain and wind, so we are glad to have a fine day. I was so interested to read about the sale that Annie Dobson and her brothers had in their garden. I think that I must try and do something

of the same sort when I get home, but my sisters are both younger than I am, and I have not any brothers.

"I do think Violet writes interesting letters, and if you could let me know her address I should like to write to her. The birch trees round here are just lovely—such a glorious mass of colour. We rowed round the point this afternoon so as to be able to see them from the sea. We have been getting in our winter stores. You would be amused to look into the milk-room and see an ox and half a pig which we have bought for salting. The people round here do not eat fowls, so they bring them to us three or four at a time: we buy them for 3d. each. The other day a boy came with a living fowl in a sack; he let it loose in the scullery, and Tig (our dog), who was there, rushed at it, but our servant managed to catch it, so it was all right. Tig is a lovely dog; his real name is Tiglath Piliser, after one of the Kings of Assyria. We have also a cat whose name is Sweetmeat. I am called Dorothy, or Doro for short. All our letters coming from England are censored, so they take longer to come. It is a fortnight since I heard from home, and they write every week. I hope that you are quite well. With best wishes for our Fund, I remain, your sincere Companion, DOROTHY LITTON."

I wish Dorothy would send us another long letter soon. Should you not all like to hear from her some of the local stories—folk lore, etc., which she must learn? And also something about the surroundings and her far northern home.

IRENE KING-TURNER (Kent) sent a gift to the Violet Fund with an interesting letter.

"We have been working hard for the soldiers," she says. "A great many of my cousins have joined the Army, from Canada and Australia, and all parts of the globe. We heard the other day that one of my sailor cousins had taken part in an engagement in the North Sea, and the ship was blown up. He was badly wounded in the side, and was in the sea for some hours before he was picked up. He is well again now, I am glad to say, and has returned to the sea. One may be very proud of the men who fought for us, but it is very bitter parting with them, is it not? I woke up last night and heard the wind howling, and the rain beating against the window, and thought of the brave fellows in the trenches, and my heart went out to them. Does it not make you wish you could go out and share all the hardship with them? It does me. There are a great many of the poorest refugees coming over from Calais. Forty of them came over in an open sailing vessel the other day, and when they arrived here it was found that three little babies had died of exposure: isn't it sad? We often hear the sound of firing when the wind is in this direction. We ought to be thankful for the strip of water that divides us from the terrible tumult raging just across it, ought we not?"

## THE QUIVER

LIONEL FRENCH (West Indies) sent a kind note. He hoped that the Special Effort Day had been a success, and asked that our Companionship should support the Red Cross or National Relief Funds.

"British citizenship confers privileges upon its subjects," he says, "such as no other State in the world can offer. We therefore owe loyalty to the Empire which protects us in the enjoyment of our privileges and freedom, and though many of us are far away we would like to do our best for the Empire to which we belong, and this can be done by us contributing our pennies, shillings and pounds towards either of these funds."

I appreciate Lionel's generous thought and suggestion. But I am certain that our Companions are helping everywhere and in every way just as much as they possibly can. Our own little fund is a particularly practical piece of patriotism also, and we can *help* through it. Have we not given Canada a fine young boy citizen in David, of whose set-out on his life work we have so recently heard? And are we not providing the means by which Violet and Lena are being educated and moulded into two other splendid citizens (we hope and believe) for the same part of our great Empire? And Philip, at that excellent training place, Farningham, is, we trust, preparing himself for a career of honour and usefulness as a British citizen! Of a truth our Fund is for as fine a bit of Empire-building as one could wish to have a share in. If I did not believe this with all my heart I should not be as keen as I am on its behalf. So let us all see to it that it has a place in the very forefront of our affection and enthusiasm.

I was glad to hear again from ADAH POLLARD-URQUHART (Perthshire).

"DEAR ALISON," she wrote, "I have been meaning to write for some time, and tell you about my holidays. We were to have gone to France, to Dinan, but, of course, it was impossible, as war broke out. It would have been very nice at Dinan, but I think I was quite glad to be at home, in Bournemouth. I went one day to see a lady who is very fond of cranes. She has a lovely garden for them to live in. One of them was a beautiful crested crane, with lovely red and gold feathers on its head. Then there were several demoiselle cranes, which are rather smaller, and dance beautifully. They run across the lawn, flap their wings, and lift their feet so gracefully. They have grey and black feathers. But what I liked best was a beautiful little trumpeter bird. It was quite small, not much bigger than a guinea-fowl, and had soft, black, blue, and green feathers. It had a tiny head, and when anyone came into the garden, it ran after them to have its head stroked. The owner of these birds also had a sweet little white-nosed monkey named Puck. It had a very wise, old-man sort of expression. I had my birthday in the holidays, and got several nice presents, amongst them were a sweet little box of Patience cards and a pretty little blue ring."

"I should like very much to have a collecting book, Alison. So far, I have only collected 1s. It isn't worth sending until I get more, but I hope soon to have enough to send—Best wishes for the Corner,

from your interested Companion, ADAH POLLARD-URQUHART."

KATHLEEN SCOTFORD is a fresh London member. She is thirteen.

"I would like to become a member of the 'How, When and Where Corner,'" she says. "I thought you might like to hear about my holiday. This year I went to Hythe, near Folkestone. We enjoyed ourselves very much. The day after we arrived I was up early watching the School of Musketry drilling. There are many pretty walks round Hythe, and it is very hilly. About five minutes' walk from our house was the canal. My father and brother rowed my sister and I for about three miles, and we got off on to the banks and picked some bulrushes. Another day we walked to Saltwood, a very pretty little village about two miles from Hythe, and went to the Castle. The Castle is a picturesque old building built hundreds of years ago in Hugh de Montfort's time. . . . It was pathetic to see the volunteers march past our house. They were trying to look brave, but many of them knew that very likely they would never see their wives and children again. I always read THE QUIVER Companionship pages and think them very interesting. We all think it very good of Cassell's to be keeping their men on, and have already got two more people to take in THE QUIVER monthly."

E. RICHARDSON CLENCH-BRAE (age 17; Dumfries) is a new member from whom I shall be glad to have a letter.

EDITH F. CLARK (age 20; Norfolk) has sent me the promised coupon and a doll for the competition:

"Do please make the baby sit up—when you get there—I am quite sorry to part with her. I hope she will get a nice mother."

ANNIE BALLINGALL (Fifeshire) sent in a doll for the competition. With it came a tiny note and a gift for the Fund:

"There are a great many Territorials here just now, and if it were not for them the town would be very quiet."

ENID JONES (South Wales) was an old friend from whom I was particularly glad to hear.

"I have read the account of the Special Effort Day in the Christmas QUIVER," she writes. "How well the Companions worked! Ida and I had planned what we were going to do, but I was taken ill, and so had to give up all thoughts of everything in which I was interested. I am glad to say I am all right again. Will it be too late for the Special Effort Day if we send what we collect with our next quarter's money? It is hard work collecting now because people have given such a lot to the Belgians. Next year, all being well, we will try to give people something for their money. Mother and I were talking to-day of growing flowers next year for it because I think heaps of people spend money ungrudgingly on flowers. I was very much surprised when I saw that David was earning his own living. It doesn't seem long since we sent him out to Canada. I think it would be nice if we could send another child out in his place. As things are, with regard to the war, it is out of the question just now, but I think we ought all of us to have that as our aim, so that we can do it when this crisis is past. Anyhow, Ida and I will try and keep steadily on with our little mite.—With kind regards, ENID JONES."

Enid expresses a view which I hope will be the general one of my Companions.



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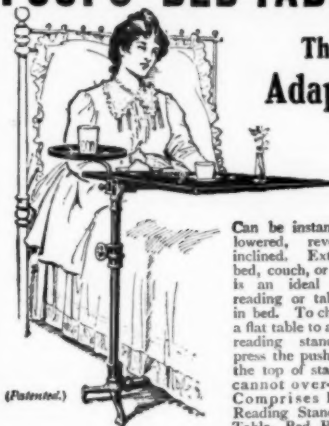
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THE QUIVER, Feb., 1915.

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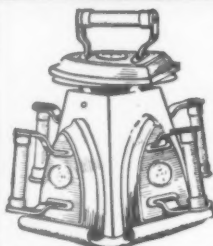
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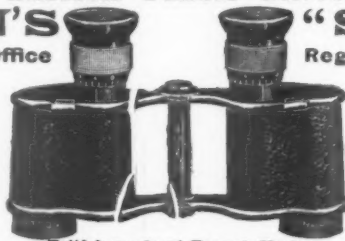
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## THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Will you please all write soon to tell me your opinion on the matter? We want to act in complete harmony.

Two letters from Jamaica:

It was pleasant to have MILDRED LOPP's letter so soon.

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I am sending you a P.O. for 4s. 6d. I haven't written for some time, but I have been out for some long visits, and really had no time to write.

"The second time I went to the sea. We went in three times, and had such fun! Once the sea was rather rough, and if we weren't careful we would be washed a way out, and then tossed back, not too gently. My friend and I went for two very nice rides. Her own little mare was my riding horse, and I had several delightful canter and gallops on her. She ambles, and it took me quite a time to get used to her pace.

"We are feeling very anxious about the war. Our postmaster sends telegrams over here as they come in, and then daddy puts them up in the church, and everyone reads them on Sundays. How dreadful the war is! Our people have given over £400, which, we think, is very good.

"I am afraid that I won't be able to make dolls' clothes and dress a doll for Christmas, but I'll try to raise a larger amount of money. Two of our friends gave me three shillings for the funds, so I have quite a respectable amount to send in.

"Another girl is reading *THE QUIVER* now, and I hope to get her for a Companion. As soon as I see her again, I'll ask her if she would like to join.

"It seems quite queer to think that while the sun is shining and we are so very hot down here, people in America and England are preparing for a rapidly approaching winter.

"Well, I must say good-bye for this time.—With much love, from your affectionate Companion, MILDRED LOPP."

And MARIE GOODIN wrote:

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I was very pleased to receive my badge, also the certificate. I think the badge is very pretty; several of the girls at school asked me to explain the work of the Corner to them. I did so and have gained the promises of a few to join for me later on. It has been very hot out here for some time now, and although it is nearing Christmas it still continues to be warm. We had a heavy shock of earthquake on Wednesday, the 14th of this month, but I am glad to say that no damage was done. I had eight weeks' holidays, and enjoyed them very much. I live in the country, and it was very much cooler up there than in town. I had one of my cousins spending time with me, and both of us used to go for nice walks. I know several of the girls out here who have joined, among them Inez Aguilar; two or three of them go to the same school that I am going to.

"I forgot to tell you that I joined for Elise Lewis. I hope it is not too late. What do you think about the war? Isn't it terrible? To think of all the lives being lost is awful. We must only hope that it will soon cease.

"I think I must close now with best wishes for the Corner.—From your sincere helper, MARIE GOODIN."

In Australia and New Zealand our members are constantly thinking of us all here at "home." Isn't it a delightful feeling that we are so strongly and closely bound together? This is a letter from EUNICE TAYLOR (New Zealand):

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I really don't know what you are thinking of me for my neglect of the pages. It is

most unpardonable. But I have not ceased to read our Corner and to keep up an interest in it. I was reading on Monday that little business transaction you were talking about in the June number—our being short of the required amount of money for Violet—and I was reproaching myself for my non-help. But I am sending now a postal note for half-a-crown. And though it's not very much, I know that small amounts are acceptable at such a time, and many 'littles' soon mount up. I do hope by the time you get this that that debt will be quite cleared off.

"Wasn't that a splendid report of little Philip? It does him great credit. I'm so glad he's getting on so well, and all the others too. It's so nice to hear they are progressing so favourably.

"Isn't this war dreadful? It seems such a pity that the world should be in such a state of unrest.

"My father and an uncle are at present in Scotland, and we have been wondering what they will do. They were to have visited Egypt and seen all the Holy Land on their return home, but I'm afraid that it will be impossible now.

"I do not know of any Companions about here, nor of any others who get *THE QUIVER*, except one family, but I must try to get some friends to join our Corner.

"Now I think I will stop, and I hope to write a bit oftener in the future, hoping you will forgive me for being so remiss.—Ever your sincere Companion, EUNICE TAYLOR."

And EILEEN NELSON's affectionate letter will interest every one of you:

"DEAR ALISON,—Thank you so very much for your letter. I was so pleased to receive it. We just received our September *QUIVER* yesterday; it was so late because of this dreadful war. Oh, Alison! I have been thinking of you so much. How I do hope that none of your dear ones have gone to the war. What must London be like now? I am so sorry for you. We cannot imagine what it is like out here. Of course, we are so far away, but for you to be so close to it; it does seem terrible. Everything must be upset. I am longing to hear from you again, but I suppose it will be a very long time. We get so little news out here, and it was so hard waiting for it at the first. As soon as father and the boys come home, we ask if there is any fresh news, and the answer is generally 'No, no fresh news.'

"Oh, Alison! does it not make you thrill with pride when you think of our great British Empire. I am so proud to belong to it, and is it not grand the way all the countries have responded to the call?

"Ireland has put aside its vexed Home Rule question, and India is intensely loyal, is it not? And our beautiful country is sending troops. We have two or three friends who are going. We had a delightful night on the 10th September. Our orchestra with the Melbourne Philharmonic played at Madame Melba's Patriotic Concert. I was so excited, and it was a splendid concert. The hall was packed, over 4,000 being present. Small Union Jacks were presented to everyone in the hall. Madame sang the first verse of 'God Save the King,' and it was beautiful; then one of our local singers the second; then the two choirs and all the audience, including the Governor-General and our own State Governor, the third verse. Then every one waved the flags. It looked just beautiful.

"Madame sang just beautifully. I had never heard her sing before. Miss Ellen Terry recited Kipling's 'Big Steamers' beautifully. Cheers were given for the King and Madame Melba; it was an intensely patriotic concert. The proceeds, £1,300, were given to the Red Cross Fund. We also played in another concert in aid of the Belgian and French Relief Funds. There were tableaux from the life of Joan of Arc presented, and they were very good. I always



## THE QUIVER

did love Joan, but now I love her more. It made it so real to me.

"I would so love to have your photo, please. About our Special Effort Day. I did think of you on that day, but I do hope you will forgive me, dear Alison. I did not do anything special, but I thought I would like to double my little gift and make it 6d. a week instead of 3d.; so I am sending you a P.O. this week for the third quarter, and it is sent with much love. I have a little pupil now. I do enjoy teaching him, and he is getting on so well and likes it. I am so glad. I hope, if I get any more, to be able to help you more. I did enjoy reading the Corner last night. I do enjoy reading the letters, but I do like your talks, dear Alison. I do wish you could just come and sit next to me and see the beautiful view out of our dining-room window. It looks right over to the mountains, and they are just too beautiful for me to describe them to you. It is quite early. I got up at six this morning to write to you. I did not have time yesterday, and the mail goes to-day. It was worth getting up early to see the beautiful morning. We are just having lovely weather. It is just like summer. But it is too good for the country. The rain is needed terribly here, especially in Victoria. New South Wales and South Australia have had some last week. If we do not get rain in a few days there will be a terrible drought here. People are very anxious. We had a day of intercession for rain last Sunday. I do hope it will come. The farmers in the worst parts have had to knock the lambs on the head. There is no grass at all for them. It must be just dreadful to see the animals dying of hunger, must it not?"

"Well, I must close now. Muriel sends her love to you."

This is a cheery epistle from EDITH M. SMITH (Kent):

"DEAR ALISON,—I have just received the Christmas Number of THE QUIVER. I think it is the nicest number I have seen yet, and the Corner is the best part of all. Each number I receive makes me feel more glad that I joined the How, When and Where Corner. I am going to try and get some money somehow. I wonder if any of your readers would care to buy foreign stamps. I have a large number of duplicates, mostly rather common ones, I am afraid, but anyone starting a collection would be sure to find a large number. But perhaps money is too scarce nowadays for such things.

"I am sending in a doll for the competition, though I don't expect to win a prize for it; however, if the child who receives it gains as much pleasure in playing with it as I had in dressing it I shall be satisfied. The clothes have not cost a single penny. I knew I could dress it on nothing, so to speak, so when mother went out to buy the dolly I told her she could spend the whole shilling provided the doll had shoes on, and after all dolly only cost 11½d. Mother does a good deal of work for bazaars, and so there were plenty of remnants of lace and trimming. The ribbon on the hat came off a chocolate box. The stockings are made at home, obviously from a pair of my own.

"I am not now obliged to lie down all day long, but I am not out of bed yet. I have been in bed thirteen months, but I expect to be up quite soon after Christmas. I am allowed to be propped up with pillows for a short time each day. It makes me feel I'm getting on.

"How very proud the members must feel who have helped David, and how proud the lad himself to be earning his own living. Indeed, I feel proud to belong to the Corner, and am going to help all I can. Our dear children must not suffer because of the war.

"I have done quite a lot of knitting for the refugees and the soldiers. Mother and grandma buy the

wool, and I knit it up. Grandma, who has taken THE QUIVER for many years, always reads the Corner with great interest.

"Have you seen the 'British Girl's Annual' this year? I had it for my birthday, and think it is simply lovely.

"I think I must close now. Best wishes for the future of the club, and much love, from EDITH MABEL SMITH.

"P.S. (later).—I've made 6d. by painting patriotic badges on white ribbon. It was just an idea of mine, and when a friend saw the one I'd done she took it and ordered two more. That's my first bit of business. Every little helps!"

The badge-painting scheme is excellent, Edith.

A Companion who has recently joined our West India ranks is EDITH E. WELLS, and I was delighted to have from her the following short note:

"DEAR ALISON,—It is a long time since I began reading THE QUIVER, and I have been very much interested in your Corner. I would like to be enrolled as a member if you would only accept me as one.

"I live in the country, ten miles from the chief town. Enid Linard and Alice Woodroffe are very friendly with me, so I asked them to join. Alice and I are teaching in one of the Primary Schools. It is Monday morning, and I am off for school.—Yours, EDITH E. WELLS."

Other letters must wait until another day, for you will want to hear about the

### Christmas Dolls

Thank you all so much for the Christmas dolls. I should like to have had many, many more, for the sake of my little invalid friends. But I know how busy everyone was last autumn, so understand why more did not come. There were no scrap-books, alas! The foreign prize-winner will be announced later, as we have to allow longer for the parcels to arrive.

EDITH CLARK (age 20; Suffolk) wins the First Prize with her sweet baby doll. It was so charming that I wanted to keep it for myself! ISABEL DOBSON (age 18; Lancashire) well deserves the Second for her blue-coated, fair-haired maiden; and EDITH M. SMITH (age 18; Kent) may be proud of the Third Prize which goes to her for the little lady in the brown coat. The Junior Prize goes to DOROTHY ARMSTRONG (age 14; Northumberland) for a dainty girlie in pale blue. Next month I shall try to tell you something of the children to whom I took these gifts.

Congratulations not only to the prize-winners, but to all who sent me dolls. Each carried its message of loving-kindness to some home where such gifts are all too rare.

I must just mention with honour several other givers: DOROTHY PRATT, DORIS MOFFAT, DOROTHY POWELL, ANNIE BAL-LINGALL, ENID JONES, MARGARET and MARY DAVIDSON, and MAUD ARMSTRONG.

Do let me have a big, big lot of letters, please, this month.

Your loving  
Comrade,

*Phoeb.*



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(Regd.)

UMBRELLAS.

Just Wrap Your  
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THE FLAG  
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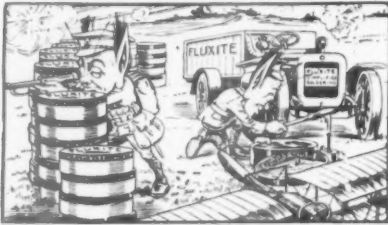


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All arms units  
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Voice and Chest, and recommends her friends to use them."

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is a necessity. It soothes the nerves, warms the body  
and promotes refreshing sleep. It is more digestible than  
cream, and will not cause biliousness; it is delicious with  
milk.

50 YEARS' REPUTATION.

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## Points for Parents

### THE FAMILY INCOME MADE SECURE

THE earnest wish of every Husband and  
Father is to leave at his death a provision  
that shall relieve his family from all monetary  
anxiety. Heedlessness of this subject is rare  
nowadays; the keen struggle for existence  
"rubs it in" to a man's mind. Yet many  
put off action and put it off again till it is  
too late.

How best to do this is a conundrum that  
has puzzled many a clever man. The subject  
may often have been in his mind and been as  
often dismissed, simply because he could not  
decide upon a really satisfactory method of  
making such a provision. The friend who  
could show him a sound and safe way of  
securing to his widow and his children a  
definite annual income would be a friend  
indeed.

Such a friend—to the man himself—to his  
wife—to his children, the writer claims to be.  
It cannot be too widely known that a secure  
and definite annual income for a widow and  
her children is provided by either of two  
policies issued by the "North British and  
Mercantile." These are the Twentieth  
Century Option Policy, and the Five Per  
Cent. Investment Policy, and their cost is  
so reasonable that many a reader could afford  
one which would give his relatives at his de-  
cease a certain income of £50 or £100 per  
annum. The policies admit of the income  
being commuted, in whole or in part, for a  
cash payment on a liberal scale, if circum-  
stances make this useful to the survivors.

Space does not admit of entering into  
details, but we are sure that many will be  
wise enough to write for Booklets which  
clearly describe the merits and working of  
these remarkable policies. They can be  
obtained upon application—a post card will  
do—for Booklet No. 20 to the Life Manager,  
North British and Mercantile Insurance Com-  
pany, 61 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

"THE assurance of life is one of the most Christian  
things that I know; for what is it? It is taking  
the load that would crush one family and  
spreading it over twenty thousand families, so  
that a mere drop lights upon each instead of over-  
whelming torrent falling upon one. It seems to  
me a beautiful illustration of bearing one another's  
burdens. And therefore, let every young man  
entering upon life, every head of a family, whether  
high or low, set his house in order and assure his  
life."—REV. DR. CUMMING.

# THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

## The Lonely Soldiers

THE school tag clings to us—that Alexander the Great wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. He might have spared his tears; all around us there are worlds on worlds in abundance; Columbus is not the only man who has added a world to the world. The astronomer finds it so when he studies the stars, the microscopist when he crosses the frontier into the region of the Infinitely Little, the botanist when he makes friends with plant life—and so on. They are not new worlds that are needed so much as keys with which to open them.

In London alone there are worlds of humans which are little suspected by the general. What does the West-end know of the East? What does Ten-Thousand-a-Year know of life in an attic on fourpence a day? Or the Queen of Society know of the slum, or the robustious of the frail? And it avails nothing to blame these limited ones; we may as well cultivate depression because of our own ignorance of the technicalities of some trade or profession.

### The World of the Uncared-for Young

But there is one world, always near us, which everyone ought to know something about. It is the world of the uncared-for young. For they will grow up, and when they are grown, for good or ill their influence must extend to all. If there is contagion in the East-end it must float West, but wherever there is hope, heart and purity, the wings of the morning will carry the blessings all around.

In this connection I have been ruminating on the great changes for the better which have taken place during the last half-century. The pioneers of this under-world are now known to comparatively few of the rising generation, yet how the hall-mark of Heaven has been set on their labours!

There was "The Good Earl," Lord Shaftesbury, first of his kind to lay aside the coronet that he might identify himself with the tattered children who had come to be

looked on but as the mere spawn for wasted and hopeless lives. His work, so faithfully done and doggedly stuck to, has now flowered into the Ragged School Union, needing and getting £100 a day for feeding, clothing, and training the poorest of London's otherwise neglected children.

And there was Quintin Hogg. At the top of Regent Street there is a genuine rarity—a statue which is really beautiful! It is that of this most gracious and big-hearted man. A ripe scholar, a man of independent means and cultured tastes, he cast everything aside in consecrating his life for the welfare of the gutter child. His was no theoretical philanthropy; for the sake of the poor he became as the poor; in roughest clothes he won his eighteenpence a day as a City shoeblack in the hope that he might open up chances for some; and he fitted up a rough shed for his boys to sleep in, rather than under arches or in cellars, and had his own bed in the same rude dormitory. The magnificent Polytechnic opposite his monument, with its countless services for lads and young men—of whom the Roll of Honour now stands at over a thousand—this, and all the immense good it has done, stands as a blessed memento to Quintin Hogg.

Such men as these *were*, but happily one still *is*—Sir John Kirk, hale, active, alert, and brimful of divine compassion for poor children. As an old and close friend one is tempted to expatiate on the rare, wise, and sympathetic qualities of this man whom the King delighted to honour, but convention demands that the breaking of the alabaster box of ointment be reserved for post-mortem honour. That my leaning should be very specially towards him can hardly be wondered at when we recall that it is in Sir John, more than in any other perhaps, that the wee cripples of London have found their friend. No praise can be too generous for all that has been done for the blind-alley children, but the cripples' lot is sadder still. The others have at least

## THE QUIVER

that hope which always goes with a normal physique, but the cripple, what has the future for him?

Very rarely has any "happy thought" found better expression than in the gifts and letters recently sent to the "lonely soldier" at the front. Too many of these fancied, no doubt, that they had got quite accustomed to their loneliness, but a man is a man, and can never completely get away from his early dreams and shattered hopes; it could not then have been without bitterest thoughts that he saw tokens of loving remembrance sent to so many round him, while of him there was no one to think! Blessed be all who helped to lift this load: their reward is already with them!

### Awful Lonesomeness

It is the cripple-child's perpetual lot—the awful lonesomeness. So little he or she can do, so much time to think, yet with such eager hunger to know and catch some glimpses of the great world around, from the inner no less than the outward view this is the tragic lot. The interned prisoner finds his enforced idleness one of the hardest things to bear; what of the poor cripple? Have kindly hearts no room for the lonely child as for the lonely soldier?

I believe there are many, if they only knew how to give vent to their merciful feeling. The Crutch-and-Kindness League furnishes the opportunity. It takes in its sweep more than twelve thousand *poor* cripple children in London alone, and seeks to bring each of these into touch with some friend. It matters nothing where that friend is living, or age, sex, or circumstances, for the work is done through the post. It lies in the writing of a letter, once a month at least, to the wee, lonesome one, boy or girl.

Is this a small thing to do? Ask the "lonely soldier" at the front if it was a small thing to receive some friendly letters from writers he had never seen. I tell you his eyes will moisten at the memory. Is a little suffering child less susceptible? Impossible! The child *is* a child: the hardening which even a pitiful lot can make has not yet set in; there is the child's longing for affection, the child's big wonderment. In a word—a word that holds so much—the

lonely one is a *child*. With this before us can anyone wonder at the treasure hid in the assurance—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the *least* of these, ye have done it unto *Me*."

We all need the injunction to "stir up the gift that is in us." It is there—the priceless gift of sympathy—but is too often allowed to rot away for want of exercise. And the children need training in helpful pity and unselfishness. Can simpler seed be sown than the friendly letter to the lonesome child? Souvestre was never more the wise and genial philosopher than when he gave this rule for a life's happiness: "To learn to love something more than one's self, this is the secret of all that is grand; to learn how to live outside of one's self, this is the end of every generous instinct."

It is the opportunity that is furnished by the Crutch-and-Kindness League to hearts and hands in every part of the world. All other particulars about the League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, J.P., Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

### NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

- Miss A. Bromwich, Brentford, Middlesex.
- Miss E. S. Cleghorn, Manor Park, London, E.; Miss Mary Cooper, Melbourne, Australia.
- Miss J. C. Flett, Aberdeen, N.B.
- Miss E. Goddard, Huddersfield, Yorks (for Junior C.E.).
- Miss Maud Harold, Kingstown, St. Vincent, British West Indies.
- Miss Barbara Knowles, Quarndon, Derbyshire.
- Miss Lilian M. Mills, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs.
- Miss Cicely Owen, Bengoe, Hertford; Miss Margaret Owen, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.
- Mr. James Roberts, Adelaide, South Australia; Miss Jessie Robinson, South Lambeth, London, S.W.; Miss Violet Ross, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.; Mrs. Kenneth Roxburgh, Ocho Rios, Jamaica, British West Indies; Mr. C. Rusconi, Derby.
- Miss V. M. Stewart, Exhall, near Coventry.
- Misses C. and L. Tebbitt, Wallington, Surrey; Mrs. Thomas, Bournemouth, Hants; Mrs. Hall Thompson, Little Salkeld, Cumberland.
- Miss M. Watson, Scotstown, Glasgow; Miss E. Whichello, Heswall, Cheshire; Miss A. C. Wilson, Dumfries, N.B.; Miss M. Wilson, Arbroath, N.B.
- Miss Hunt, Miss Bodkin, Miss Weller, Forest Hill, London, S.E. (Group 25.)
- Miss Agnes Herridge, Master Robert Smye, Miss Margaret Lawrence, Wincanton, Somerset. (Group 116.)
- Miss May Allen, Miss Edith Allen, Miss Freda Jackson, Auckland, New Zealand.
- Miss Moyle, Miss Laycock, Master W. Brunton, Thames, New Zealand.

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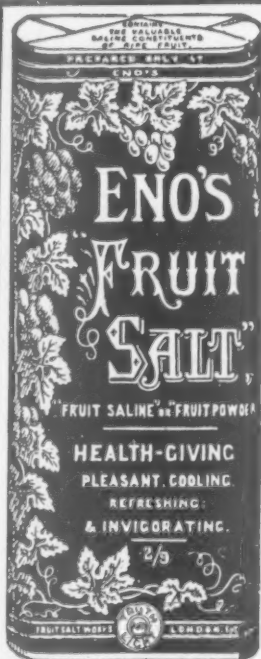
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